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THE TREND IN AMERICAN CITIES.

Two facts hard to reconcile are prominent in American cities to-day—the continuance of corruption and the trend towards municipal ownership of monopolies.

Of the corruption there is overwhelming evidence, though it is less flagrant than formerly. In April, 1899, the Republican party, under "Boss" Platt, which is in power in the State Legislature of New York, appointed the Mazet Committee to investigate the Democratic government of Greater New York City under "Boss" Croker. Mr. Croker volunteered to go on the witness-stand, and gloried in making an exposition of his political philosophy. He showed, with engaging *naïveté*, that it rests on the morality of the street-corner boy, the highest injunction of whose code is: "Always stand by your pals." To the victors belong the spoils; all appointments must be subject to the approval of the city leader; judges should pay heavy subsidies to the election funds and appoint referees and arbitrators agreeable to the leader; all employees, from scavenger to city treasurer, should belong to the reigning party. "Working for my own profit? Of course. Day and night, and every day." These are the chief articles in the political creed of the ruler of the second greatest city in the world. But he de lies that the

leaders rob the City Treasury. With righteous indignation he repels the accusation. "If you can prove that I took a dollar of the city's money you can cut off this arm," he declared, with dramatic emphasis. But he was coy about explaining how he had accumulated the fortune which enables him to keep a racing-stable in England, and to engage the best suite of rooms on Atlantic liners when he crosses. That, he angrily asserted, was his "private business," and he would not willingly allow the appointee of a prying rival "Boss" to examine it. When it was revealed that the fireproof system of the Roebling Company had been made compulsory for all city buildings, to the exclusion of equally good competitors, immediately after Mr. Croker's son was received into the company, the paternal feelings were at once aroused, and the outraged father bitterly complained that "they want to prevent my boys going into business." But when his chief subordinate acknowledged that he paid Mr. Croker several thousands a year from the Assurance Company, in which all the city officials find it convenient to take out their guarantee bonds at double rates; when it was elicited that the "boss" also draws large sums as partner in a firm of auctioneers and valuers, to which the judges indirectly

pass much business; and when he himself acknowledged that no accounts are kept of the heavy subscriptions to campaign funds made by corporations enjoying city privileges, and by officials enjoying city incomes; then an enlightening glimpse was obtained of the sources of his large fortune. But the cheers of his supporters, who crowded the court-room, showed their approval of the lofty moral claims of their chief. He sincerely believes these indirect means of levying tribute from the city are perfectly honest. He and his lieutenants are sustained in their practices by a consciousness of virtue. They stand by each other in prosperity and adversity; like Robin Hood, they give a fraction of their gains to the poor; after an electoral campaign they hand over an alleged surplus to the clergy for philanthropic distribution; they speak a good word to the magistrates when one of the "boys" gets into trouble; these and the other laws of the moral code of the bulk of their supporters they have kept from their youth. Consequently Mr. Croker was not at all injured by the unveiling of his system of plunder, mitigated by philanthropy. When he left for England, a few days later, his henchmen gathered in crowds to see him off; his state-rooms were loaded with flowers, the newspapers recorded his conversation, and even the boils on his neck were faithfully chronicled. Mr. Reed, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the English Ambassador at Washington, both of whom left by the same vessel, were almost unnoticed; but the city chief had a send-off which a prince might envy, for "he won't forget anybody who neglects to show up and support him at this juncture," as one of his henchmen remarked.

In Philadelphia the Republican machine, under "Dave" Martin, remains so strongly fortified in power that the

Municipal League thought it hopeless to oppose it at the last election, especially as the votes for their candidates in the autumn campaign had been miscounted by the cheating officials, and troops of impersonators and repeaters had gone unmolested to the polls. There the city hall is still incomplete, though a self-perpetuating commission has spent upon it over £4,000,000. In St. Louis a commission which sat in the spring of this year discovered that a head of the Street Watering Department had received money from contractors to allow them to work regularly below their contract, and had compelled them to abstain from bidding for a certain district which he retained at double rates for a man of straw, who represented himself; it showed that an inefficient Excise Commissioner appeared to divide his enormous salary with a State Governor and others who secured his appointment; and that other officials and departments were equally dishonest.

In Chicago, during last year, the regulation that street-paving for more than a small amount should be let by contract to the lowest bidder was evaded in favor of party friends by the arrangement that separate bills for less than the limiting sum should be presented for bits of the work, the same contractor sending in a sheaf of accounts for one length of street. Quantities of street repairing were paid for and not executed. Saloons, gambling-houses and dens of ill-fame were protected by Aldermen, and allowed full play, and the Civil Service laws were violated with shameless contempt.

The view of this side of American city government alone—bosses with semi-barbarous codes of morality, officials dishonest and inefficient, representatives mean in ability and corrupt in character—gives the impression to an English citizen that they

cannot possibly follow the example of British cities in that enlargement of municipal function which is roughly described as Municipal Socialism. Yet the trend, in this direction, is, as Dr. Albert Shaw, the foremost authority on American municipalities, says, "the most popular and significant movement of the day in the United States."

In Great Britain the similar movement was, for several decades, unconscious. Ten years ago, when Glasgow had already carried out most of the socialistic enterprises, which have made her a household word among American reformers, some lawyers in Edinburgh were shocked by the suggestion of an investigator that the subject of the article they had asked him to write for a law journal should be "Municipal Socialism in Scotland." They were astounded that such a charge could be brought against canny Scotch cities. They had lived in the midst of Municipal Socialism and did not know it. Not until the London County Council began to follow the example of provincial cities by the establishment of a Works Department, and declarations in favor of Municipal Water, Tramways, etc., did the theoretical objectors to socialistic tendencies awake and make a bitter fight.

But in the United States the citizens are, in most cases, acutely conscious of the movement. It is accompanied by excited public meetings, by "scare-head" newspaper articles which denounce the "theories of half-baked college professors," or strenuously support the "movement of the people to break the shackles of monopoly." It is part of the swelling tide of antagonism to Trusts, Combines, and great financial Corporations, which are now damaging, not mainly the lowest classes, but those middle classes who are less accustomed to suffer silently than are the wage-earners. In the States the men who profit by the pri-

vate ownership of water, gas, electric light and rapid transit are more unscrupulous, resourceful and energetic in pushing their interests than are their British colleagues. Unless the citizens are alert and determined they lose valuable assets as unconsciously as the countryman loses his purse in a crowd. As was illustrated in Chicago last year, clever corporation lawyers work assiduously to obtain from venal councils an extension of franchises years before the old rights expire. Newspapers are bought exclusively to blind the public to the merits of a proposed deal. For privileges worth millions of dollars the company promoters can afford to pay two or three hundred thousand dollars in bribes, lobbying, and newspaper subsidies; and so usual are these methods that they are employed without rebuke by citizens who vaunt their respectability and hold high place in the churches. Therefore any movement towards municipal socialism in America demands a more vigorous public opinion than in Great Britain. Nearly every victory is hard won by skilful leadership and determined fighting.

Further, as the Republican and Democratic parties are generally controlled by corrupt machines and represent no vital principles, at any rate in city affairs, reform of city government and enlargement of city functions are usually associated with a man rather than a party. A compact party, representing a definite program of reform, like the Progressive party in London, is hardly known in America. In general, a mayor, elected by the people at large, represents the policy, and wins so much public support as to force the Council to carry out his suggestions. The Hon. H. S. Pingree, for several years Mayor of Detroit and now Governor of Michigan, is still the head of municipal movements in his town. He passed through the last Legislature an

Act which empowers the Common Council of Detroit to appoint a "Detroit Street Railway Commission," consisting of three persons, empowered, at its own discretion, to acquire any or all of the tramways within the city, and to operate and maintain them on behalf of the city exactly as if they were a board of directors of a company. The appointment of this Commission, which is now at work, illustrates the American preference for concentrated responsibility and distrust of the Common Councils—*very* common councils, as the mayor of one of the chief cities said to the writer. The power of even these Commissioners is limited in important directions. They may not charge passengers more than they are now charged by the company, and, most significant of all, they are "expressly prohibited from granting or extending the life of any franchise (right to the use of the streets) under any of the powers conferred by this Act." The Governor himself is one of the Commissioners, and is chiefly relied upon to make the experiment successful.

In Toledo, Ohio, Mayor S. M. Jones, a Welshman who crossed the Atlantic at fifteen, has won a national reputation in two years by his vigorous support of extended city action. He had shown the bias of his thought and character by inaugurating a minimum wage and an eight-hour day with increased pay in his own works; by establishing a small park, with bandstand, settees, maypole, etc., for the free use of his employees; by taking excursions down the bay with his workmen and their families; by paying a five per cent. bonus to labor, and by granting a week's annual holiday on full pay. When, therefore, in 1897, a deadlock occurred at the Republican Convention, and Mr. Jones was brought forward as a "dark horse," he was enthusiastically accepted and

afterwards elected. But the party henchmen found that the man who talked the language of Tolstoi, and was able to put up on the wall of his workshop, "The rule governing this factory: Therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them," without incurring the charge of canting humbug, was hostile to their machine purposes. He was therefore rejected at the party convention in 1899, and immediately came out as an independent candidate. He was opposed with all the might of both the Republican and Democratic machines; the Ministers' Union was against him because he had acted on his declared principle that "the one way to finally overcome the saloon is to provide a better substitute;" and constantly he was assured that all the influential people were on the other side. But his program and his personality appealed to the Toledo voters. He advocated:

1. Public ownership of all public utilities.
2. No grant of new or extension of existing monopolistic privileges.
3. Abolition of the private contract system in doing city work.
4. Establishment of free public baths.
5. More money for parks, free music, and playgrounds.
6. Kindergartens in connection with all the public schools.

The result of the election staggered the party managers, and caused a flutter through American political circles, for Mr. Jones's 16,752 votes more than doubled the united vote of the regular Republican and Democratic candidates. Such an emphatic endorsement of a socialistic program by an important city was never known before in the States.

In Haverhill, Massachusetts, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, Mr. Chase was elected Mayor in November, 1898, though he ran as representative of the

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Social Democracy, which is headed by Mr. Eugene Debs, the leader of the great Pullman strike. His program was quite as Radical as the Toledo program. But he was outside the party machines; the citizens relied on his honesty; and events have verified their expectation that he would not be susceptible to the corrupt influence of the railway company that they wished to compel to sink their tracks below the streets and to abolish level crossings.

In Chicago the revolt of the citizens in 1898 against a proposed extension of the privileges of the tramway companies was phenomenal. The Allen law had been passed by doubtful means through the State Legislature, to empower the City Council to grant an extension for fifty years, and the Councillors (faithful guardians of their own interests) were scheming to give away this privilege, worth £20,000,000, without adequate compensation to the city, though not without the full ransom to themselves. But Chicago rose in fury against the proposal. Indignant public protests and fierce newspaper articles showed the public feeling. Crowds gathered around the city hall during the Council meetings, and even threats to lynch the Councillors who should vote for the robbery were heard. Mayor Harrison, a shrewd politician, who, like most American mayors, has a veto on the decisions of the Council, correctly gauged the common opinion, and refused to consider any proposal respecting tramways until the obnoxious Allen law was repealed. That transferred the fight to the State Legislature, where the same men who had passed the law were finally compelled to rescind it. Governor Tanner, who had been elected with the support of the great corporations, signed the rescindment after a little hesitation. At the mayoralty election which followed, in May, 1899, Mr. Altgeld, ex-Govern-

or of Illinois ran, as an independent candidate, upon a program of municipal ownership of monopolies and support of the Chicago free-silver platform of the national Democratic party. Municipal ownership proved so popular that both the regular Republican and Democratic candidates advocated it in their public addresses, and Mayor Harrison, the regular Democratic nominee, who represented successful opposition to the schemes of the tramway companies, was re-elected by 149,000 votes, against 107,000 for the Republican, and 46,000 for Altgeld. This secession of 46,000 voters from the party-machine candidate is significant of the separation of municipal from national issues, which is proceeding apace, and is one of the most hopeful signs in American city politics.

Quite as suggestive was the uprising of New York against the proposal to grant to a company the right to construct and to own in perpetuity an underground tunnel for rapid transit. New York is built on a long, narrow island, with the business quarter at the point next the ocean, and the residences in the middle and the upper end. Every morning and evening, therefore, millions of people must pass up and down the long avenues which run the length of the island. Underground tunnels, for express trains to carry the crowds far out and bring distant spots within the zone of residence, are absolutely necessary to New York life. Five years ago the citizens voted for the construction of such tunnels by the city itself, and in the constitution of Greater New York enabling provisions were inserted. Rapid Transit Commissioners, "all honorable men," were appointed, and plans and specifications got out. But the advent of Tammany Hall to power in January, 1898, halted the proceeding.

By the pernicious system of checks and balances, which mars so many

American constitutional arrangements, the City Counsellor, a Tammany official, was empowered to veto the plans and proposals. Mayor Van Wyck was also hostile and contemptuous to the Commission appointed by his predecessor; and, naturally, the companies owning the surface and elevated lines, which would be damaged by the underground transit, expected from Mr. Croker's party a substantial return of kindness for heavy contributions to the campaign fund. Hence, the City Counsellor vetoed all the plans of the Commissioners and "held up" Rapid Transit.

If the right to build and work the tunnel could be transferred to a private company it is clear that abundant "boodle" would be within reach of the parties who consummated the deal. Nobody can estimate the profits which will be obtainable twenty years hence, by the fortunate owners of the only means of swift passage from the city, below Fourteenth Street, to the homes beyond Central Park. For the opportunity to reap this rich harvest it is easily conceivable that financiers would be willing to show great "private generosity towards the heads of Tammany Hall, while saving their consciences from the suspicion of robbing the public Treasury," which so pains and angers Mr. Croker. At the beginning of 1899 it was conveniently discovered that the public construction of the tunnel would cause the city to exceed the debt limit, which is drawn by the Constitution, and the Rapid Transit Commissioners, balked in their efforts by one plea and another, introduced into the State Legislature a Bill to enable them to let the rights in perpetuity to a private corporation. But an unexpected storm arose. Public opinion, before which even Tammany must bow, expressed itself with earnestness against the proposal. Governor Roosevelt declared he would

sign no Bill which would permit the alienation of the franchise for more than fifty years, and everybody—Governor, Rapid Transit Commissioners, Mayor, Boss, newspapers and public—hastened to declare that city construction and ownership is the best method, and only in case that is found impossible should the entrance of a private corporation be tolerated. So strong was the pressure that ultimately the Mayor, who had the final veto power, refused in May to sanction the measure even with a fifty-year limitation, and public construction is now the only course open. Conveniently, again, it has been discovered that the fresh valuation of the city removes the fear of exceeding the debt limit. While the agitation was proceeding, the New York Journal and the World, both yellow journals, with the "largest circulation in the world," and both very keen to scent the popular path, opened their columns to promises to subscribe to the public loan for the city construction, and demonstrated the eagerness of the people to lend their money for the project. Further, the Journal, a few weeks previously, had set out the program of home policy, for which it will fight, with "Municipal Ownership of City Monopolies" in the forefront. With heavy type, in its usual hysterical style, it expounds the successes of Glasgow, Birmingham, and other cities; and, whether its vigorous agitation for the establishment of a municipal gas plant for New York is sincere or not, on the part of the editor, it is at least an indication of the trend of public opinion.

Amongst American cities, Philadelphia, "the Quaker City," is shamefully pre-eminent for the flagrant rottenness of its government. Even New York, with all the abuses of Tammany Hall, must yield disgraceful precedence to the city of Liberty Bell and the Hall of Independence. There the Republi-

can machine holds invincible sway. So weak are the opposing Democrats, and so undeveloped as yet the Reform party, that the check of vigorous opposition is lacking, and the boss and his gang have long run riot. Under those conditions the failure of municipal ownership in Philadelphia would be anticipated. For many years the incompetent Council refused to allow the gasworks to be kept in a proper state of repair; they overloaded the staff with crowds of political henchmen; hundreds of thousands of cubic feet were supplied without proper check; improvements in manufacture were refused; and accounts were kept in imbecile fashion. It is freely asserted and currently believed that this policy was deliberately pursued at the instigation of those interested in securing possession of the works. At last, in 1897, the Council consummated its folly and treason by leasing the works to a corporation, after hundreds of thousands of dollars, it is widely believed, were distributed amongst the aldermen in bribes. In the spring of this year an epidemic of typhoid fever—attributed by doctors to the impure, unfiltered water, which is distributed through the city's mains—caused over 400 deaths in Philadelphia in ten weeks. Public indignation was hot, because again and again the Council had been warned by the medical profession and strongly urged to construct the necessary filterers and reservoirs. But, either through careless neglect or malevolent design, the reform of the system was delayed, and typhoid-fever germs were called in as allies of the speculators who wanted the water as well as the gas. But this time the criminal conspiracy to prevent efficient administration, and so to force on the sale of the works was too strongly suspected for success, and the demand of the citizens was for "the purification of our present supply by sand filtration

under city ownership and control." That demand has prevailed, and the necessary funds have at last been voted by the Council. That the members of the Manufacturers' Club and of the Trades' League, along with the leading physicians and other citizens of like influence, should join an agitation to demand a remedy by the city itself rather than by the surrender of public control, is illustrative of the changing temper of the American public with regard to municipal monopolies.

After Philadelphia some relief is necessary. For an agreeable contrast we may take Boston, which Mayor Quincy has made into one of the most progressive cities of America. He is one of the handful of well-born Americans who have made politics a profession in the best sense of the term. During his three years of office he has demonstrated the superiority of the educated and trained administrator to the man picked off the streets for political services. New enterprises and improved methods of organization have followed each other in rapid procession. A municipal printing plant was established in March, 1897, which, with trade-union rules and a "contented force of workmen as not the least pleasing result of the policy," has saved the city at the rate of £2500 a year, according to the report of three leading citizens who audited the accounts. For eighteen months the city's electrical work has been executed by a new department of electrical construction and two hundred members of the building trades in another department do the repairs to city buildings as well as some new contract work. Last summer the open-air bathing accommodation was increased and made free, with the result that more than three times as many baths were taken as in the previous year; and in the winter the first all-the-year-round public bath-house in the States was

opened on Dover Street. It cost over £18,000, contains shower- and tub-baths for men and for women, and no charge is made for admission. A system of public parks, which will be one of the most extensive and beautiful in the world, is near completion; public gymnasias are supplied; and summer music in the parks is well established. Last winter Boston, the old metropolis of New England Puritanism, overcame the difficulty about allowing Sunday concerts for profit by supplying series of municipal concerts at cost price. "The great problem of social science is that of securing some general distribution among all the people of the advantages and facilities which the progress of human knowledge and the advance of civilization have developed in such rich measure." This statesmanlike passage from the Mayor's defence of his broad Sunday policy is equally a defence of two unique undertakings—the Picnic Excursions and the Municipal Boys' Camp. The day picnic excursions to Long Island last summer, in which 13,540 children and 560 adults joined, were given out of the income of a fund left to the city for this purpose, and managed gratuitously by city officials, with such success that the Mayor thinks "it cannot be denied that the record of the past season could not be duplicated or even approached by any private charitable organization."

The Boys' Camp, maintained for seven weeks, in 1898, *at the expense of the city*, provided 831 poor lads with five days under canvas at an average cost of 7s. 6d. a head. This year similar outing opportunities for girls are proposed, and the Mayor urges that the "expense is so moderate as to make it easily possible to afford a week's outing of the character to every boy of school age in the city who would not otherwise be able to enjoy a vacation outside the city limits. Such a camp should be regarded merely as an exten-

sion of the system of public education of the young, and as affording an opportunity for giving a different kind of instruction and training—but one no less valuable, perhaps—from that which is given in the schoolroom."

Mayor Quincy is fortunate among American city reformers in that no opposition on theoretical grounds is raised by Bostonians to these far-reaching plans. They are disarmed by the quiet confidence with which he conceives his schemes and the rapid, resourceful way in which he carries them to success. He appreciates the double necessity of radically altering the machinery of the city government to adapt it to modern needs, and at the same time conciliating the controllers of the present machinery and using them for his broad plans during the transformation period.

Gradually the two chambers of the City Legislature have been stripped of their powers; and this year, by the creation of a Board of Appropriation, which controls the finances and makes it possible to frame "something like a scientific budget," the last important function of the lower chamber has disappeared. Contemporaneously the Mayor is increasing the number of honorary appointive commissions, which occupy about the same place in the government as the committees of British City Councils, and through which he secures the sympathy and assistance of representative people of good standing and ability, and evades the obstacles which an inept council always presents to American reformers. Three such commissions have charge of the reorganized correctional and charitable institutions, and five others of the statistical department, municipal baths, municipal concerts, free evening lectures, and boys' summer camp respectively; while the Merchants' Municipal Committee, chosen not by the electors, but by the central

commercial organization of the city, is a mayor's cabinet, a permanent body of advisers on financial and commercial matters. With this remarkable combination of scientific organization, statesmanlike schemes, and shrewd political management, Boston is fast winning the place among American cities which Birmingham held in Britain in the seventies, and Glasgow has attained in the nineties.

In other important cities of the States the same tendency is shown. At the last municipal election in Denver three-quarters of the votes cast were "against corporation control of the city," the elected Democratic candidate and the nominee of the Civic Federation both making water, gas, and tramways the chief issues. At Milwaukee the newly-elected mayor is committed to municipal ownership. Des Moines, Iowa, re-elected its mayor last year on the hard-fought issue of city tramways; and, in the constitution for San Francisco, which will come into force in January next, there is a special clause to expressly prohibit the renewal or regranting of existing monopolistic privileges.

The two facts—grave official corruption and a marked trend towards municipal socialism—which I have shown to distinguish American cities, will appear to the British citizen to be mutually exclusive. Representatives and officials who are financially clean he considers essential to extended city operations. First, honesty; then larger business, appears to be the proper order. But that order is impossible in the States, because the private corporations which control the city services are a prime cause of the corruption. To secure special privileges they debauch councillors, aldermen, mayors, legislatures, and governors. One mayor was lately offered £10,000 by one company, and a trip round the world for himself and his family by another, if he would allow certain city ordinances to pass. A

governor of a large state was offered 20,000 shares in a company if he would sign a measure for increasing its privileges. He knew that his signature would probably increase the value of those shares by £120,000. His successor did sign the bill, and the shares rose in price even more than that amount. As Governor Pingree has said: "Good municipal government is an impossibility while valuable franchises are to be had and can be obtained by the corrupt use of money in bribing the public servants."

The companies deliberately adopt the policy of distributing shares to newspaper proprietors and editors and to city authorities who "are in a position to promote the welfare of our business." Therefore, public interest usually clashes with private interest when a question of privilege or taxation arises. The companies are serenely content as to which will prevail.

Public ownership offers less temptation to Jobbery and scoundrelism than the surrender of public services to private corporations. The alternative is not between honesty with private enterprise and dishonesty with public ownership, but between periodical and gigantic frauds, along with the surrender of city property, and the retention of valuable rights at the risk of constant petty peculation. Neither policy offers ideal conditions, but the preference is now in favor of the smaller thefts. It is cheaper for the city to lose small sums annually through the selection of workmen for political reasons than to remain in the grasp of private corporations who can levy exorbitant charges.

Also, reform of politics will be easier when the cities have ousted the companies. Rich and influential citizens who, as investors, are now frequently interested in resisting reform, will then have only their interests as taxpayers to consider, and will, therefore, be more

likely to demand efficient administration; while the rank and file of voters will give greater attention to their city government when it affects their tram fares, gas and water bills, and telephone charges. Therefore, the trend

toward city ownership is an evidence of a determination to continue the slow work of purification. As much as Civil Service Reform, it "makes for righteousness."

J. W. Martin.

The Contemporary Review.

OUR LORD AND SAINT PETER.*

BY SELMA LAGERLOF.

It was at the time when Our Lord and St. Peter had just entered Paradise, after their wandering through the world, and their many years of suffering.

You may imagine what a joy it was for St. Peter. You may imagine what a difference there was between sitting on the Mount of Paradise and looking out over the world, and wandering as a beggar from door to door. It was one thing to be safe in the gardens of Paradise, and another to stray on earth and not know where one might find shelter on a stormy night; perhaps be compelled to wander about on the highway, in cold and darkness.

You may imagine what a delight it must have been to arrive at the right place at the end of such a journey. St. Peter had not always felt quite assured that the thing would end well. There were times when he could not help feeling doubts and being uneasy, for it had been well-nigh impossible for poor St. Peter to understand the reason for all their hardships, if Our Lord was indeed the Lord of all the earth.

And now no unruly desire would ever come and worry him again. You may imagine how glad he was at this. Now, indeed, he could afford to laugh over all the trouble that he and Our Lord had passed through.

Once, when they had been so miser-

able that he could endure it no longer, Our Lord had taken him and begun to ascend a high mountain, without telling him what they were to do up there.

They had passed by towns that lay at the foot of the mountain, and castles that lay higher up. They had passed farther on by farms and shepherd huts, and had left behind the last stone refuge of the woodcutter.

And at last they had come out on the open, where the mountain stood bare, without either shrubs or trees, and where a hermit had built a hut for the purpose of offering assistance to wayfarers in distress.

After that, they had gone over snow-fields, and won their way up to dreary piles of ice, which stood all heaped and tilted, among which nought but a chamois could make his way.

Up there Our Lord had found a little bird with a red breast, which lay all frozen on the ice, and he had taken up the little bulfinch and bestowed it about his person. And St. Peter remembers that he had wondered whether they would dine on the little bird.

They had wandered a long hour over the slippery blocks of ice, and St. Peter had thought that the kingdom of death had never come so nigh him, for a deadly cold wind and a deathly black fog enveloped them, and as far as he could see no living thing was nigh. And yet they had not come further than the middle of the mountain.

* Translated from the Swedish for *The Living Age.*

Then he had begged Our Lord that they might turn about.

"Not yet," said Our Lord, "for I will show you something that shall give you courage to bear all trouble."

Then they had wandered farther through fog and cold, till they had reached a wall of endless height, which prevented them from keeping on.

"That wall goes round the mountain," said Our Lord, "and you cannot climb over it at any point. Neither may any man see what there is on the other side, for here Paradise begins, and here—all up the mountain sides—dwell the blessed dead."

But St. Peter was unable to dissemble his unbelief.

"In there it is not dark and cold, as it is here," said Our Lord, "but green summer and bright sun and stars."

But St. Peter could not bring himself to believe him.

Then Our Lord took the little bird which he had just found on the ice, and he bent himself back and threw it over the wall, so that it fell down in Paradise.

And straightway St. Peter heard a merry, joyful twitter, and made out the song of the bulfinch once more, and was mightily astonished.

He turned to Our Lord and said:

"Let us go down to earth again and endure all there is to be endured, for now do I see that thou hast spoken truth, and that there is a place where life prevails over death."

And they had descended the mountain and begun their wanderings anew.

For long years that was all St. Peter had seen of Paradise—he had simply gone on, filled with longing for the land behind the wall. And now, at length, he was there and need long no more. Now might he, all day, draw happiness with full hands from never-failing springs.

But hardly had St. Peter been fourteen days in Paradise when an angel

came to Our Lord where he sat on his throne, bowed before him seven times, and informed him that some grave misfortune must have befallen St. Peter. He would neither eat nor drink, and his eyes were all reddened, as though he had not slept for many nights.

So soon as Our Lord heard that, he arose, and went to find St. Peter.

He found him far away in an outer corner of Paradise. He lay upon the earth as though he were too weary to stand, and he had rent his garments and strewn ashes in his hair.

When Our Lord saw him so troubled he sat down on the ground beside him, and talked to him exactly as he would have done if they had still been wandering among the troubles of this world.

"What is it that makes you so sad, St. Peter?" said Our Lord.

But grief had so overpowered St. Peter, that he was unable to answer.

"What is it that makes you so sad, St. Peter?" again asked Our Lord.

When Our Lord repeated the question, St. Peter took from his head his crown of gold and cast it at Our Lord's feet, as though he desired to say that he would have no more part in his honor and glory.

But Our Lord well understood that St. Peter was so desperate that he knew not what he did, and thus he was not angered with him.

"It is time that you told me what troubles you," he said as gently as before, in an even more loving tone.

But now St. Peter sprang up, and then Our Lord perceived that he was not only troubled, but in a rage as well. He came up to Our Lord with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

"Now will I take my leave of your service," said St. Peter. "I cannot stay a day longer in Paradise."

And Our Lord sought to pacify him, as he had done many a time before when St. Peter had been angry.

"Of a certainty you shall have leave to go," he said; "but first you must tell me what it is that displeases you."

"I must say to you that I expected a better reward when we both went through all kinds of misery on the earth below," said St. Peter.

Our Lord saw that St. Peter was filled with bitterness, and he was not angered against him.

"I say unto you that you are free to go whithersoever you will, only you must let me know what troubles you."

Then, at length, St. Peter disclosed the cause of his trouble.

"I had an old mother," he said, "and she died two days ago."

"Now I know what torments you," said Our Lord. "You are in trouble because your mother has not come here to Paradise."

"That is it," said St. Peter, and at that instant his grief overpowered him, so that he began to sob and lament.

"I cannot but think that she might have deserved to come here," said he.

But now that Our Lord knew the cause of St. Peter's sorrow, he was troubled in his turn. For St. Peter's mother had not been such a one as deserved to be admitted to heaven. She had never thought on aught else than the accumulation of money, and to the poor who stood without her door had she never given so much as a farthing or a bit of bread. And now Our Lord thought it a pity to tell St. Peter that his mother had been so covetous that she could not inherit the kingdom of heaven.

"St. Peter," said he, "how can you be sure that your mother would get on here?"

"There, now, you are only saying that in order that you need not grant my prayer," said St. Peter. "Who would not get on in Paradise?"

"They who rejoice not in the joy of others would not get on here," said Our Lord.

"Then there are others beside my mother who do not belong here," said St. Peter, and Our Lord knew that he was thinking of him.

And he felt much troubled that such a sore grief had come upon St. Peter, and that he knew no longer what he was saying. He stood awhile and waited for St. Peter to repent and understand that his mother could not gain admission to Paradise, but St. Peter was stubborn.

Then did Our Lord call to himself an angel, and commanded him that he should descend into hell and fetch St. Peter's mother up to Paradise.

"And let me see how he brings her up," said St. Peter.

Our Lord took St. Peter by the hand and led him out to a precipice that went sheer down on one side. And he pointed out to him that he need only bend a little over the brink to see straight down into hell.

When St. Peter looked down he could at first make out no more than if he had looked down into a well. It was as though a bottomless gulf had opened itself beneath him.

The first thing he could dimly discern was the angel, who was already on his way to the abyss. St. Peter saw the angel descending swiftly into the great darkness without fear, only spreading his wings a trifle that he might not fall too fast.

But when St. Peter's eyes grew a little more used to things, he began to see more and more. In the first place, he saw that Paradise lay on a circle of mountains that surrounded a great ravine, and that it was at the bottom of this ravine that the abode of the lost lay. He saw how the angel descended and descended a long time without reaching the bottom. He was absolutely appalled at the fearful depth beneath.

"If he is only able to get up again with my mother," said he.

Our Lord barely glanced at St. Peter with eyes full of concern.

"There is no weight too heavy for my angels," said he.

It was an endless, black wilderness of rocks; sharp-pointed crags covered the whole bottom, and between them gleamed pools of black water. There was not a spear of green—no tree, no sign of life.

But all about over the sharp crags had crawled the lost dead. They reached out over the tops of the cliffs, whither they had clambered in the hope of extricating themselves from the abyss, and when they saw that there was no place beyond them to get to, they had remained where they were, petrified with despair.

St. Peter saw some of them sitting and lying with arms outstretched in passionate longing, and with eyes steadily staring upwards. Others had clasped their hands together in front of their faces, as though to shut out the hopeless horror that surrounded them. They all were motionless; there was not one of them that moved. Some of them lay in the pools of water absolutely still, without any attempt to extricate themselves.

The most frightful thing of all was that there were such myriads of the lost. It was as though the bottom of the gulf was made up of nought but bodies and heads.

And a fresh uneasiness beset St. Peter.

"You will see that he cannot find her," he said to Our Lord.

Our Lord regarded him with the same look of concern as before. Well he knew that St. Peter had no need to trouble himself about the angels.

But it kept seeming to St. Peter that it would be impossible for the angel to find his mother among the infinite number of the lost. He spread out his wings and hovered to and fro above the abyss while he looked for her.

All at once one of the poor lost souls down in the pit observed the angel. And he sprang up and stretched out his arms towards him and cried:

"Take me with you, take me with you!"

And of a sudden the whole throng woke into life. All the millions of millions who were languishing there in the depths of hell bounded up at the same moment, and raised their arms and called after the angel, that he might take them to the blessed Paradise.

Their cry came up to Our Lord and St. Peter, whose heart was wrung with anguish when he heard it.

The angel swayed lightly over the lost, but even as he flew to and fro that he might find her he sought, so did all rush to follow him, making it seem as though they had been swept by a whirlwind.

And at last the angel came in sight of the one he was to fetch. He folded his wings upon his back and shot down like a flash of lightning. And St. Peter cried out in joyful astonishment when he saw him pass his arms around his mother and lift her up.

"Blessed be thou who bringest me my mother!" said he.

Our Lord softly laid his hand on St. Peter's shoulder, as though to warn him against rejoicing too soon.

But St. Peter was ready to weep for joy at his mother being saved, and could not comprehend that anything could separate them now. And his joy was increased when he saw that, however swiftly the angel had lifted her up, yet some of the lost had succeeded in fastening themselves on her who was to be saved, that they might be conveyed to Paradise at the same time with her.

There were about twelve of them who had hung fast to the old woman, and St. Peter thought what an honor it was for her, his mother, to be able

to rescue so many poor wretches from their lost state.

Neither did the angel do aught to prevent this. He seemed not to mind the weight at all, but soared and soared, and exerted his wings no more than though he had been carrying a little dead bird to heaven.

But then St. Peter perceived that his mother sought to free herself from the lost souls who had hung upon her. She gripped their hands and loosened their grasp, so that one after another tumbled back into hell.

St. Peter could hear how they implored and besought her, but the old woman seemed unwilling that any one except herself should be saved. She freed herself from them again and again, and let them plunge back into misery. And as they fell curses and lamentations resounded on every side.

Then it was St. Peter cried aloud and besought his mother to have mercy, but she would not listen, and kept on as before.

And St. Peter observed that the angel flew slower and slower, the less he had to carry. Such a fright seized upon St. Peter that his limbs gave way with him, and he had to fall on his knees.

And at last there was but a single soul that clung to St. Peter's mother. It was one that hung upon her neck, and that poured into her ear its cry and its entreaty that she might let it follow her into the joys of Paradise.

And now the angel with his burden had come so close that St. Peter already stretched forth his arms to receive his mother. It seemed to him that the angel would now reach the summit after two more strokes of his wings.

But of a sudden the beating of the

angel's wings ceased, and his countenance grew black as night.

For now the old woman had put out her hands behind her and gripped the arms of the one who hung about her neck, and she tugged and pulled until she had succeeded in separating the clasped hands, so that she freed herself from this last.

As the lost soul fell the angel sank down several fathoms, and it seemed as if he were no longer able to lift his wings.

He looked down on the old woman with an expression of the deepest sorrow, his hold on her body relaxed, and he let her fall as though she were too heavy a burden for him, now that she was alone.

Then, with a single stroke of his wings, he flew up into Paradise.

But for a long time St. Peter remained on the same spot and sobbed, and Our Lord continued standing at his side.

"St. Peter," said Our Lord, "never did I think you would weep so, after coming to Paradise."

Then God's aged servant lifted up his head and answered:

"What sort of a Paradise is that where I hearken to the woe of my dearest, and see the suffering of my fellow-beings?"

But over Our Lord's face stole an expression of the deepest grief.

"What dearer wish could I have than to provide you all a Paradise of perfect bliss?" said he. "Know you not that it was for this I went down to man and taught him to love his neighbor as himself? For, as long as they do not this, neither in heaven nor on earth can there be a place where pain and sorrow may not reach them."

WEST AFRICAN PROBLEMS.*

It is not a little refreshing to meet with a writer at once so well equipped and so original as Miss Mary H. Kingsley shows herself in her "West African Studies." The subject to which she has devoted so much and such well-directed pains, despite its inherent importance, is not one that would be expected to present any special attractiveness to a female traveller; but Mrs. Bishop has taught us that the energy and courage of women are not one whit inferior to those of men in the exploration of difficult and uncivilized regions, and Miss Kingsley's scientific ardor has carried her successfully through all impediments. We who live at home at ease can only read with profound gratitude and with unfeigned admiration the record of adventures in that deadly climate calmly faced by one who describes herself "as ever the prey of frights, worries, and alarms," who, with unaffected modesty, arrogates the place of one "of the brick-makers of science," and who bewails her inability to show us anything clearly and neatly, owing to her bad manner of expression.

On this last point we may assure Miss Kingsley that she need have no misgiving. Whatever difficulty she may experience in putting her thoughts into words, it is well to remember that so-called easy writing often makes very hard reading. We have too frequently to mark the lack of force, the shallowness of thought, the partial knowledge with which books of travel are written, not to welcome cordially a work that teems with thought and displays on every page a mastery of its subject. Under such conditions we are supreme-

ly indifferent to occasional ruggedness, relieved, as it is constantly in these "West African Studies," by a humor which is somewhat exuberant. Miss Kingsley, like other writers, has the defects of her qualities, and in her efforts to reproduce life on the West Coast she at times allows her pen to indulge in unnecessary repetition of such coarseness of language as is a real blemish in her sparkling and most interesting volume.

To our thinking it needs a soul cast in a heroic mould to face the daily horrors of sojourn on the West African coast. The first, and a highly effective deterrent, is presented by the bare thought of a voyage to that fever-stricken region in a trading steamer, crammed with cargo, its saloon shared with West African merchants, who are eloquent on the dangers which the inexperienced visitors will shortly be called upon to incur, and whose talk varies from perils on land to those to be encountered amongst the breakers that fringe the coast.

"Do you ever get anything else but fever?" asks a new-comer, nervously.

"Haven't time, as a rule; but I have known some fellows get kraw-kraw."

"And the Portuguese itch, abscesses, ulcers, the Guinea-worm and the small-pox," chimes in a chorus of voices.

To the inexperienced what a spectre of horrors is suggested by congratulation on the possession of a dress suit of clothes as being constantly in requisition for funerals, followed by cheering reminiscences of first one comrade and then another who had been "pegged out" and buried. Then come the delights of insect pests—clouds of mosquitoes, black beetles so tall that they can stand on their hind legs and drink out of a quart pot, scorpions and centi-

* *West African Studies.* By Mary H. Kingsley, author of *Travels in West Africa.* With Illustrations and Maps. (London, 1899.)

pedes of exceptional malignity, huge dragon flies that swish you in the face as you sit at dinner, and minute sandy-colored ants that come in swarms and bite and burrow into your flesh and leave their offspring in the wound to keep up the conflict, culminating in the Driver ant, whose invasion is terrible enough to empty an African village, and on whose entrance into a hut the inmates fly, leaving all that is most precious behind them. To such perils by land the coaster adds the discomforts experienced on board during the rainy season with the occasional interlude of a tornado, and even then the picture is far from complete. How some vegetable life contrives to survive in the struggle for existence thus inaugurated is described by Miss Kingsley in a very interesting page:—

"It is a very fascinating thing," she writes, "to see the strange devices employed by many kinds of young seedlings and saplings to keep off these evidently unpopular tenants. They chiefly consist in having a sheath of exceedingly slippery surface round the lower part of the stem, which the ants slide off when they attempt to climb. I used to spend hours watching these affairs. You would see an ant dash for one of these protected stems as if he were a City man and his morning train on the point of starting from the top of the plant's stem. He would get up half an inch or so because of the dust round the bottom helping him a bit, then, getting no holding-ground, off he would slip and, falling on his back, desperately kick himself right side up, and go at it again as if he had heard the bell go, only to meet with a similar rebuff. . . . Some plants don't mind ants knocking about among the grown-up leaves, but will not have them with the infants, and so cover their young stuff with a fur or down, wherewith the ant can do nothing. Others, again, keep him and feed him with sweetstuff, so that he should keep off other enemies from its fruit, etc. But I have not space to sing in full the high intelli-

gence of West African vegetation, and I am no botanist; yet one cannot avoid being struck by it, it is so manifold and masterly." (pp. 32, 33.)

The reader will not fail to notice here, as elsewhere, the attribution of design and purpose to the vegetable creation and the studied abstinence from all reference to that Higher Power which is before all things, and through whom all things consist.

The first four chapters of Miss Kingsley's "Studies" are descriptive of the country, and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, and her genius displays itself in the living interest with which she invests each of the many and varied topics she handles. The secret of her success as a writer lies in her deep devotion to her subject, which concentrates her entire attention upon each particular as it comes under review. Never was there a better illustration of the familiar maxim, "*Si vis me flere, etc.*" Whether Miss Kingsley is treating of the natural products of the country, or the different tribes upon the West African coast, or the strange fishes and the native way of catching them, or the dangers of sunken reefs on which so many ships have founded, or even so commonplace a topic as the loading huge logs of teak, she carries her readers with her by the sheer force of her own sense of the importance of the matter in hand, and her consequent accuracy of observation; and to this is added no ordinary power of humor and description. Miss Kingsley is, moreover, a true scientist, and is not afraid, in the fulness of her knowledge, to confess her ignorance where she has not collected sufficient data on which to base a decision. Her transparent honesty of mind commands our confidence even when we cannot unreservedly accept her conclusions.

How seriously the inevitable discomforts attendant upon a voyage along the West African coast are aggravated

when the traveller is overtaken by the wet season, is vividly portrayed in the following paragraph, which we quote as an admirable example of descriptive power:—

"After we passed Cape Verde we ran into the West African wet-season rain sheet. There ought to be some other word than rain for that sort of thing. We have to stiffen this poor substantive up with adjectives, even for use with our own thunderstorms, and as is the morning dew to our heaviest thunder "torrential downpour of rain," so is that to the rain of the wet season in West Africa. For weeks it came down on us that voyage in one swishing, rushing cataract of water. The inter-spaces between the pipes of water—for it did not go into details with drops—were filled with gray mist, and as this rain struck the sea it kicked up such a water dust that you saw not the surface of the sea round you, but only a mist sea gliding by. It seemed as though we had left the clear-cut world and entered into a mist universe. Sky, air, and sea were all the same, as our vessel swept on in one plane, just because she capriciously preferred it. Many days we could not see twenty yards from the ship. Once or twice another vessel would come out of the mist ahead, slogging past us into the mist behind, visible in our little water world for a few minutes only as a misty thing, and then we leisurely tramped on alone "o'er the viewless, hueless deep," with our horizon alongside. If you cleared your mind of all prejudice the thing was really not uncomfortable, and it seemed restful to the mind" (pp. 24, 25).

We are compelled to resist the temptation to indulge in further quotation from Miss Kingsley's chapter on Sierra Leone and its surroundings, and on African characteristics. We have vivid glimpses of the rough life spent by buccaneers on the coast a century and a half ago, as well as of contemporary manners and customs at the capital city of Freetown, where, on

market days, "there is more noise to the square inch than in most things," which grows to an entire compound yell on the visit of a swarm of locusts. We have experience of perils incurred amongst the shoals of St. Ann (a danger anticipated by the authoress, whose scientific training had taught her to associate red velvet slippers worn by the chief officers with exceptional terrors), and of the cheerful assurances of the older traders that they were all as good as lost. As yet no trustworthy chart can indicate the position of every sunken rock and pinnacle, and perhaps none ever will, on a coast whose river mouths are barred by shifting sands and where the reefs beneath the surface rise and fall at the impulse of subaqueous volcanoes. The politics and mistakes of Liberia, and the comparative excellencies of the African tribes, the noises of West Africa, animal and instrumental, and the specific odors of that torrid zone, its joys and sorrows, and the more marked features of British commerce on the Gold Coast, all present occasions for lingering, which we must hurry past to glance at the chapter on fishing, where Miss Kingsley is quite in her favorite element.

Let no ardent devotee of "the gentle craft," however, imagine that he will find in Miss Kingsley's volume a fitting supplement to that placid prose pastoral, "The Complete Angler." It would be impossible to picture a stronger contrast than that presented by the calm contemplatist who had the happiness to live in days when men had time to think, and the furious and fighting sport of our enthusiastic fisherwoman. We wonder what is the secret of the idiosyncrasy; is it transmitted by hereditary tendency, or is it an as yet unaccountable variety, which, for some persons, invests with a fascination, which will stand any climate or discomfort, a form of occupation which

presents no charm to others? To many of us nearly all the details of West African fishing would be irredeemably repellent—the risky canoes, the African fellow-voyagers, the dangerous sea-monsters, the stinking bait, and, more than all, the terrific stench of the sea-board mud, steaming with the odors of a tropical vegetation, rotting in the glare of a tropical sun. None of these things deter the born sportsman, male or female, and under the conditions just described, "with the surrounding atmosphere 45 per cent. mosquito," we are told, "if you are fishing you will enjoy yourself." Well, the standard of enjoyment is variable.

A special voyage to the Island of Corisco, to share in the annual fishing of its freshwater lakes, by representative ladies from its several villages, brought with it imminent peril of being burned to death through the carelessness of a native in "making a farm." Some of the "ladies" were severely scorched, and used the most energetic language concerning that fool man and his female relations. The Corisco fishing was delayed until appropriate baskets had been manufactured, and was then carried out by driving the fish into them. From twelve to fifteen baskets is the average take, which, after division amongst the representative ladies, is followed "the same evening by a tremendous fish supper, and the fish left over are smoked and carefully kept as a delicacy to make sauce with, etc., until the next year's fishing day comes round." Occasionally the sport becomes highly exciting, as when a cat-fish with terrible spiny tail and fins is inadvertently landed into the canoe. Miss Kingsley's characteristic account of one such adventure is admirably vivid, but it is too long for quotation *in extenso*, and would be spoiled by abbreviation.

Weird and queer are the methods employed for catching West African

fishes, adapted as they are to the exceptional conditions of a coast amongst whose peculiarities are floating islands, adorned with trees, at the mouth of their vast rivers, which are utilized to supply tremendous catches. Weird and queer, too, are the fishes that haunt these tropical waters. Anywhere else one would dismiss as fabulous the story of a monster "as big as a man, only thicker, which walks about on its fins in the forest at night"—a frequent subject of native conversation—but examples hardly less strange abound. There is the electrical fish, which sometimes kills a duck with its shock, and diminutive warrior fishes who will attack your hand when down in the water; and, finding no fight in it, will take any food from it and swagger away with an air of conquest, and even singing fishes, who upset all one's previous conceptions of ichthyology and deprive the epithet of muteness of its classic suitability for the funny tribe. We can sympathize with the irritation caused by the Ning Ning, which comes beside the canoe at night just as you are falling asleep and rouses you with its idiotic and monotonous strumming, a creature gifted with powers of ventriloquism and pertinacity in equal proportions, which will neither be silenced nor driven away. This fresh-water species is matched by the salt-water drum-fish, with its "bum-bum" note. The occupation of fisherman is held in low esteem, for in plain terms the African is a born thief, and employment carried on at night affords opportunity for stealing the missionary's ducks, or the merchant's goods, or the neighbor's plantains.

From fishes to fetish is not a very abrupt transition, as all living creatures, and most dead objects besides, afford occasion for Fetish, by which term Miss Kingsley means the religion of the natives of the Western Coast of Africa, and not the "worship of a

material object"—the accepted sense in which the word is used by comparative ethnologists. The whole subject of Fetish is difficult and complex, and with its allied topics of African medicine and witchery fills a most important section of Miss Kingsley's studies. It may seem presumptuous to attempt a definition of Fetish, when so high an authority as the authoress admits "it is far easier to state what Fetish is not, than to state what it is," but from the very interesting details which she supplies we should venture to define it as a modified form of Pantheism, in which the place of the one God, whom Spinoza identified with the hard and unchangeable order of nature, is filled by a multitude of spirits and demons which pervade all the animate and inanimate world. But to the mind of the West African these spirits are very different, in their perpetual and practical power over the destiny of man, from those inflexible rules which, in Spinoza's system, are only another name for the eternal decrees of God. Innumerable and malignant as these spirits are, they are yet to be successfully combated, needing for their effectual defeat a proportionate exercise of antagonistic influence, so that the demon who would not yield to the opposition of a private person may be conquered by the higher charms of a chieftain or a great witch doctor. The whole life of the West African is colored by unceasing apprehension of these members of the spirit world who do not require of necessity a material object in which to manifest themselves. After nightfall, especially, those journeying on a forest path are the prey of alarming apparitions, calling for the most careful investigation to determine the exact nature of the visitant. Woe to the travellers who cannot discover any white ash left behind in the ghostly track! "Unless the Fetish authorities in town choose to explain that it was

merely a demand for so much calico, or a goat, etc., some one of the party will certainly get ill" (p. 117). How widely distributed this demonic force is held to be, may be gathered from Miss Kingsley's quotation of the following lines, which she affirms to be magnificent Fetish:—

"God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the lily and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from
Thee.
It springs to life in grass and flowers,
Through every range of Being runs,
And from Creation's mighty towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

It is only natural that, with such a make of mind, every form of disease should be attributed to supernatural malignity, and that the successful employment of European medicines should be promoted by a liberal infusion of Fetish; and we can only lament that Miss Kingsley does not give us in full, with her own indication of the analogy between the ideas of Goethe and the native philosophers, the conversation of the witch doctor, the gist of which, she declares, was Goethe's "Prometheus." The African's sense of man's inferiority, as compared with the Semitic conception of his place in Creation, and of the unwearied antagonism of the spirit world, may be largely due to the terrific natural phenomena by which he has been surrounded and the ease with which his wants are supplied; but how the bent of mind which his external conditions have helped to engender affects the African's view of Christianity is a subject of the deepest moment, on which all interested in missions will be anxious to hear Miss Kingsley's testimony:—

"The more you know," she writes, "the African, the more you study his laws and institutions, the more you must recognize that the main characteristic of his intellect is logical, and

you see how, in all things, he uses this absolutely sound but narrow thought-form. He is not a dreamer nor a doubter; everything is real, very real, horribly real to him. It is impossible for me to describe it clearly, but the quality of the African mind is strangely uniform. This may seem strange to those who read accounts of wild and awful ceremonials, or of the African's terror at white man's things; but I believe you will find all people experienced in dealing with uncultured Africans will tell you that this alarm and brief wave of curiosity is merely external, for the African knows, the moment he has time to think it over, what that white man's thing really is, namely, either a white man's Juju or a devil. It is this power of being able, logically, to account for everything that is, I believe, at the back of the tremendous permanency of Fetish in Africa, and the cause of many of the relapses into it by Africans converted to other religions; it is also the explanation of the fact that white men, who live in districts where death and danger are everyday affairs, under a grim pall of boredom, are liable to believe in Fetish, though ashamed of so doing. For the African, whose mind has been soaked in Fetish during his early and most impressionable years, the voice of Fetish is irresistible when affliction comes on him. Sudden dangers or terror he can face with his new religion, because he is not quick at thinking. But give him time to think, when under the hand of adversity, and the old explanation that answered it all comes back. I know no more distressing thing than to see an African convert brought face to face with that awful thing we are used to, the problem of an omnipotent God and a suffering world. This does not worry the African convert until it hits him personally in grief and misery. When it does, and he turns and calls upon the God he has been taught will listen, pity and answer, his use of what the scoffers at the converted African call "catch phrases" is horribly heartrending to me, for I know how real, terribly real, the whole thing is to him, and I therefore see the temptation to return to those old gods—gods from whom he never expected pity, presided over by a god that does not care. All that he

had to do with them was not to irritate them, to propitiate them, to buy their services when wanted, and, above all, to dodge and avoid them, while he fought it out and managed devils at large. Risky work, but a man is as good as a devil any day if he only takes proper care; and even if any devil should take him unaware—kill him bodily—he has the satisfaction of knowing that he will have the power of making it warm for that devil when they meet on the other side. There is something alluring in this, I think, to any make of human mind, but particularly so to the logical, intensely human one possessed by the West African. Therefore, when wearied and worn out by confronting things which he cannot reconcile, and disappointed by unanswered prayers, he turns back to his old belief entirely, or modifies the religion he has been taught until it fits in with Fetish, and is gradually absorbed by it" (pp. 124-6).

It is noteworthy that in the classification of spirits it is the lower orders only which require some material objects for their manifestation, and that the higher they rise in the scale the more absolutely are they independent of matter as the medium of their working; that the dreadful being, when in carnate, is conceived of as so putrefying on one side that the slightest contact with it may cause fatal disease; and that over all the hellish host there is one superior over-lord, who, in epicurean fashion, is benevolent and careless of mankind. These ideas suggest a resemblance to important elements of Christian teaching, which the skilful missionary will not disregard. Are they not more than the pale shadow of the lofty truth that God is a spirit, who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, as though He needed anything; that our adversary the Devil as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour; and that we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places? Hardly less astounding as an anticipa-

tion of advanced scientific conviction is the lack of gaps to the African between the conception of spirit and matter; "it is all an affair of grade—not of essential difference in essence." And when we add to all this the testimony of the writer that the African—to use one of her own striking expressions (p. 128)—is not "gaseous-minded all round," and feels the prick of conscience even when he disobeys it, we cannot help feeling persuaded that it is no idle optimism to believe that the same Gospel which has "apprehended" the negro in other districts will eventually gain the west coast of the Dark Continent for Christ.

The four several schools of Fetish which Miss Kingsley recognizes among the West African negroes, with their different ideals of the chief good to be secured for man; the discussion of Fetish views of the state and condition of the human soul after death, which has caused the non-deification of ancestors, to the intense mortification, it would seem, of evolutionists, who had proclaimed that animism is a necessary link in the chain of human development; the belief in re-incarnation, in the hovering of the spirits of the departed about their old homes, in the help afforded by "the well-disposed ones," in the advantage to the dead of suitable burial, so that neglect of it is the most withering of reproaches; the importance to the dead of going to the under-world with all the pomp they had enjoyed here—a conviction which accounts for the horrible custom of human sacrifices at funerals, and, in some degree, qualifies their enormity; the singular superstitions about twins and infants born with ready-cut teeth; and, more than all, the connection of Fetish and witchcraft—all these are attractive topics, to which we call the reader's attention as we pass from the consideration of Fetish with one more quotation in which Miss Kingsley gives

her verdict on its character and working:—

I have dealt here with Fetish as far as the human being is concerned, because this phrase may make it more comprehensible to my fellow white men, who regard the human being as the main thing in the created universe; but I must beg you to remember that this idea of the importance of the human race is not held by the African. The individual is supremely important to himself, and he values his friends and relations, and so on, but abstract affection for humanity at large, or belief in the security of the lives of people with whom he is unrelated and unacquainted, the African barely possesses. His is only capable of feeling this abstract affection when under the influence of one of the great revealed religions, which place the human being higher in the scale of Creation. This comes from no cruelty of mind *per se*, but is the result of the hardness of the fight he has to fight against the world; and, possessing this view of the equal, if not greater, importance of many of the things he sees round him, the African conceives these things also have their fetish—a fetish on the same ground idea, but varying from human fetish. The politics of Mungo mah Lobeh, the mountain, with the rest of nature, he believes to exist. The Alemba rapid has its affairs clearly, but the private matters of these very great people are things the human being had better keep out of; and it is advisable for him to turn his attention to making terms with them, and go into their presence with his petition when their own affairs are prosperous, when their tempers are not, as it were, up, over some private ultrahuman affair of their own. I well remember the opinions expressed by my companions, regarding the folly—mine, of course—of obtruding ourselves on Mungo, when that noble mountain was vexed too much, and the opinion expressed by an Efik friend in a tornado, which came down upon us. Well, there you have this difference. I instinctively say "us." She did not think we were objects of interest to the tornado, or the forest it was scouring. She took it they had a sort of family

row on, and we might get hit with the bits, therefore it was highly unfortunate that we were present at the meeting. Again, it is the same with the surf. The boat-boys see it's in a nasty temper, they keep out of it; it may be better to-morrow, then it will tolerate them, for it has no real palaver with them individually. Of course, you can go and upset the temper of big nature spirits; but when you are not there, they have their own affairs. Hence it comes that we have in Fetish a religion in which its believers do not hold that devotion to religion constitutes Virtue. The ordinary citizen is held to be most virtuous who is least mixed up in religious affairs. He can attain Virtue, the love and honor of his fellow-men, by being a good husband and father, an honest man in trade, a just man in the palaver house, and he must, for the protection of his interests—that is to say, not only his individual well-being, but the well-being of those dependent on him—go in to a certain extent for religious practices. He must associate with spirits, because spirits are in all things and everywhere, and over everything; and the good citizen deals with the other spirits as he deals with that class of spirits we call human beings: he does not cheat the big ones of their dues; he spills a portion of his rum to them; he gives them their white calicoes; he treats his slave spirits honorably, and he uses his slave spirits for no bad purpose; and if any great grief falls on him, he calls on the great over-lord of gods, mentioning these things. But men are not all private citizens: there are men whose destiny puts them in high places—men who are not only house-fathers, but who are tribe-fathers. They, to protect and further the interests of those under them, must venture greatly and further, and deal with more powerful spirits—as it were, their social equals in spiritdom. These good chiefs in their higher grade dealings preserve the same clean-handed conduct. And besides these, there are those men, the Fetish men, who devote their lives to combating evil actions through witches, and miscellaneous spirits who prey upon mankind. These men have to make themselves important to important spirits. It is

risky work for them, for spirits are a risky set to deal with (pp. 176-9).

The theory and practice of African medicine—which, as in more civilized regions, is under the twofold charge of the general practitioners, and the consulting physician or witch doctor—supplies material for two of Miss Kingsley's liveliest chapters. A real “clash of cultures” not infrequently arises from the intermixture of European with native pharmacy, as when a patient swallows a hot poultice whole, or the isolation of contagious disorders is carried to the extent of driving out the sick to perish unattended. The continent of Africa, proverbially famed for its production of novelties, introduces us to diseases unheard of elsewhere—the yaws, the malignant melancholy, and the sleeping sickness—the two latter of which have their head centre in the Lower Congo. Terrible is the havoc wrought among the natives by small-pox, pneumonia, heart disease and tetanus—this last being the scourge of African childhood. The method of the village apothecary is generally to resort either to herbal preparations, with which he has no despicable acquaintance, or to baths and massage in various forms. The witch doctor or consulting physician, whose aid is only invoked when the general practitioner has failed to work a cure, naturally takes a more serious view of the position, and forthwith sets to work with all the appliances of Fetish and witchcraft to master the spirits who are the cause of all the mischief. It requires the most skilful diagnosis to discover which of the four souls—(1) the soul that survives, (2) the soul that lives in an animal away wild in the bush, (3) the shadow cast by the body, and (4) the soul that acts in dreams—is the true seat of the disease, and all the art and craft of the witch doctor to bring the rebellious soul to

order, and the relation of his ideas and methods of treatment is too long to be even sketched in outline. Incredibly in its intermixture of absurdity and imposture as is the witch doctor's procedure, Miss Kingsley affirms that he is not, with all his incantations, invariably a conscious humbug. She remarks that no town has more than one witch doctor, with possibly an assistant, and notes significantly that nothing would induce an African doctor *to dine* with a brother member of his profession.

A highly characteristic division of Miss Kingsley's "Studies" is concerned with English methods of dealing with our tropical possessions, and all the vials of her wrath are poured out in unmeasured volume upon the futility and failure of our Crown-Colony system. Seriously speaking, her indictment is a formidable one, and should command the close attention of those to whom the charge of these vast out-lying regions of the Empire is committed. Some of the blots on which she fastens are sufficiently obvious; the lack of continuity through party exigencies in our colonial policy; the brief tenure and inadequate pay of the higher grade of colonial officials; the neglect of advice from the trading community, whose fortunes are bound up with the prosperity of the colony, and whose experience would be, in many instances, invaluable when legislation is under discussion, or the law is being with difficulty administered; and the folly of attempting to govern an alien race according to the preconceived notions of the bureau in Downing Street. Yet, the blame cannot, in Miss Kingsley's judgment, be assigned to any one class for blunders which have lost us, in the past, a large slice of the best feeding-ground the world can offer for England's manufacturing millions, and which threaten, unless they be remedied, to deprive us in the near future of priceless markets, or to leave the

colony, which is a door to them, in a bankrupt estate on our hands. Yet Miss Kingsley possesses the courage of her opinions, and she has boldly sketched out a system which she thinks would be practicable and, while securing the co-operation of healthy commerce and healthy law, would command the loyal adhesion of the natives. We can only commend her plans to those whose task it is to help in forming or guiding public opinion of the value of our West African possessions, in which she speaks in terms of great but rational enthusiasm.

These regions are of vast natural wealth in rubber, oil, timber, ivory, and minerals, from gold to coal.

"They are, in most places, densely populated with customers for England's manufactured goods," and "we really want the humid tropic zone more than other nations do; a climate that eats up steel and hardware as a rabbit eats lettuce is an excellent customer to a hardware manufacturing town. A region densely populated by native populations willing to give raw trade stuffs in exchange for cotton goods, which they bury or bang out on stones in the course of washing or otherwise help their local climate to consume, is invaluable to a textile manufacturing town" (pp. 298, 299).

Yet, all these advantages, conquered for us by the energy and enterprise of our countrymen, are in danger of being lost to us under the keen competition of rival nations and the dearth of statesmanship at home. How satisfactory a result can be obtained under a wiser system is explained in a telling page, which relates the success of the Royal Niger Company and which strikes a true chord of patriotic pride:—

"The Company," Miss Kingsley writes, "has in a few years, and during the period of the hottest French enterprise, acquired a territory immensely greater than the territory acquired during centuries, under the

Crown-Colony system; it has also fought its necessary wars with energy and despatch, and no call upon Imperial resources; it has not only paid its way, but paid its shareholders their six per cent, and its bitterest enemies say, darkly, far more. I know from my knowledge of West Africa that this can only have been effected by its wise native policy. I know that this policy owes its wisdom and its success to one man, Sir George Taubman Goldie, a man who, had he been under the Crown-Colony system, could have done no more than other men have done who have been governors under it; but, not being under it, the territories he won for England have not been subject to the jerky amateur policy of those who are under the Crown-Colony system. For nearly twenty years the natives under the Royal Niger Company have had the firm, wise, sympathetic friendship of a great Englishman, who understood them and knew them personally. It is the continuous influence of one great Englishman, unhampered by non-expert control, that has caused England's extremely strange success in the Niger; coupled with the identity of trade and governmental interest, and the encouragement of religion given by the constitution and administration of the Niger Company. . . This association of trade and government is, to my mind an *absolutely necessary restraint* on the Charter-Company form of government; but there is another element you must have to justify Charters, and that is that they are in the hands of an Englishman of the old type" (pp. 360, 361).

How far Miss Kingsley's animadversions on the Crown-Colony system can be substantiated we are unable to determine. Recent information indicates that she has been mistaken in her unqualified condemnation of the hut tax, which, as the latest returns show, is being collected without resistance and in increasing amount. As we write, moreover, the governing powers of the Niger Company are passing into the hands of the Colonial Secretary, and a new order of things is being inaugu-

rated. But that Englishmen will be more on the alert to the worth of their tropical estates, and that they will watch their progress with awakened vigilance, will, we predict, be one result, and that not the least meritorious, of Miss Kingsley's labors. What she specially insists on is the adoption of a plan whereby every white trader can work on every legitimate line absolutely free from governmental hindrance, and under which every black man can clearly understand that, while his prejudices are respected as far as is consistent with morality and justice, he is under a régime which will insist on the performance of treaty obligations, and will not weakly tolerate ill-doing:—

"The great difficulty," she urges, "in arranging any system of government of West Africa lies not in the true difficulties this region presents, but in the fictitious difficulties that are the growth of years of mutual misunderstanding and misrepresentation—the (consequent) distrust is the mere product of folly and ignorance, and is therefore removable" (p. 416).

The task should not be too hard for the race which has won and rules India and Egypt.

An exposition of the divers kinds of property which exist among the true Negroes—the special people with whom the laws which regulate West African property have reached their highest development—brings Miss Kingsley's "Studies" to an interesting conclusion. Those who are only familiar with European conceptions of property law will find some startling variations from our legal practice. The true Negro is only to be met with in unadulterated purity in the line of coast which stretches from the Gambia to the Cameroons—elsewhere he has been modified by Berber or Bantu intermixture—and we have the tests afforded us by which their influence may be traced. True

Negro culture is discernible to the sense of smell: his strong odor being gained "by leaving the sanitary matters of villages and towns in the hands of Providence." The Bantu culture looks after the cleaning and tidying of the village streets to a remarkable degree, "though by no means clean in the houses." The true Negro's great gods are male; with the Bantu the supreme deity is female. Moreover, the latter keep their slaves in separate villages, while the former permit them to share their houses. The State-form is the wreckage from the destruction of the old empire of Mell, which fell in the sixteenth century; and is remarkable for the degree in which it is controlled by secret societies. "It is identical in essence with the House system," which Miss Kingsley describes as follows:—

The house is a collection of individuals; I should hesitate to call it a developed family. I cannot say it is a collection of human beings, because the very dogs and canoes, and so on, that belong to it are part of it in the eye of the law, and capable, therefore, alike of embroiling it and advancing its interests. These Houses are bound together into groups by the Long ju-ju proper to the so-called secret society, common to the groups of houses. The House itself is presided over by what is called, in white parlance, a king, and beneath him there are four classes of human beings in regular rank—that is to say, influence in council: firstly, the free relations of the king, if he be a free man himself, which is frequently not the case; if he be a slave, the free people of the family he is trustee for; secondly, the free small people who have placed themselves under the protection of the House, rendering it, in return for the assistance and protection it affords, them service on demand; the third and fourth classes are true slave classes, the higher one in rank being that called the Winnaboes or Trade boys, the lower the pull-away boys and the plantation hands. The best point in it, as a system, is that it gives to

the poorest boy, who paddles an oil canoe, a chance of becoming a king. Property itself in West Africa, and, as I have reason to believe from reports, in other parts of tropical Africa that I am acquainted with, is firmly governed and is divisible into three kinds. Firstly, ancestral property connected with the office of headmanship,—the Stool, as this office is called in the true negro state; secondly, family property, in which every member of the family has a certain share, and on which he, she, or it has a claim; thirdly, private property,—that which is acquired or made by a man or woman by their personal exertions over and above that which is earned by them in co-operation with other members of their family, which becomes family property, and that which is gained by gifts, or made in trade by the exercise of a superior trading ability. Every one of these forms of property is equally sacred in the eye of the African law" (pp. 427, 428).

The system thus described presents many notable features. Under it the head of the Stool, or of the family, is simply a trustee, who must work the property not for his own personal enrichment, but for that of the Stool or the family, and is liable to be removed if he is extravagant or unfortunate. If it is open to abuse through the rapacity of the family elders, who would carry off an undue proportion of the wages earned by a man conjointly with other members of the family, it leaves him in such secure possession of what he has made separately or with the assistance of his free wives, that no king, priest, or other man would openly dare interfere with the private property of the lowest slave, which can only be confiscated for bankruptcy or crime. It brings into prominence and enforces in practice the great principle, that privilege exists not for mere private advantage, but for the welfare of the community. It secures, at least, some of the benefits claimed for co-operative action, and, as has been already no-

ticed, it opens the way from the lowest rank to the highest position.

The three main sources of danger to a man's estate in West Africa are debt and charges of witchcraft or adultery. Under the last of these names is comprised almost every form of supposed injury to a woman, even brushing against her in a crowded market or on a bush path. The severity of the law renders the accusation one of danger to respectable men, and frivolous charges are the source of much extortion and injustice. In the case of a debtor being seized by his creditor, the latter is responsible for all his captive's debts if he dies while in his custody. Of all imputations, that of witchcraft is the most terrible. Short shrift and lynch law is the ordinary fate of the wretched creature held guilty of being a witch, and after his violent death no decent family will own him or give him burial; for this latter act of charity may involve very serious consequences. To take charge of and inter a corpse makes a man executor to the estate of the deceased, and several relatives will come hurrying with coffins for the purpose and will quarrel fiercely over the dead body; but to the charge of the dead man's property is united a legal liability to discharge his debts.

"Hence it comes that a Negro merchant on a trading tour away from his home, overtaken by death in a town where he is not known, is not buried, but dried and carefully put outside the town or on the road to the market, the road he came by, so that any one of his friends or relations who may, perchance, come some time that way can recognize the remains" (p. 434).

It has been our difficulty, in dealing with Miss Kingsley's "Studies," that each of the subjects she discusses would require and is worthy of a separate article for its adequate treatment; so that we have only been able

to indicate, and that very imperfectly, the deeply-interesting problems with which she deals. Whatever our opinions on the political and religious, the social and commercial, aspects of West Africa, there can be no question that they are destined to loom large in the near future as an element of high national importance, and we are greatly indebted to the gifted authoress for her courage and devotion in investigation, and for the candor with which she states the conclusions she has formed. Nor is our debt to her lessened by the fact that she frankly owns the limitations of her aims, and that she stops short in her discussions of much that most deeply interests ourselves. Upon the sarcasms which she flings about so wildly at times, on subjects sacred as well as profane, we will only express our regret, and would rather remember the occasional words of unfeigned respect in which she glances rapidly, in passing, at missionary effort. But we must utter our emphatic protest against her assertion, in the chapter on the Clash of Cultures, that the one thing needful for West Africa is *to try Science*, and the quiet assumption on the next page that the grand Scriptural assertion that God has made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth is a mistake, and the origin of the whole human race from a single pair a misleading delusion. Nor can we admit the conclusion to be as inevitable as she asserts it to be, that, under the present way of contemplating different races, the European cannot help regarding races of different and inferior culture to his own as more deeply steeped in sin. In Christian teaching sin is proportionate to opportunity, and Chorazin and Bethsaida are held more criminal than Sodom and Gomorrah.

It is Miss Kingsley's crowning merit that she has striven to master the knowledge of the nature of West Af-

rica and the West African—his native laws, religion, institutions and state-form—so as to understand his mind and to see things from the native point of view. She has been led by this study to the conviction that the African is of steadier build than the Asiatic; more trustworthy and tractable; likely, eventually, to prove a more potent force in the world. Such a race, brought, as we are persuaded, in the fulfilment of God's predetermined purpose under our influence, it is worth much fully to understand, and here is its portrait drawn by Miss Kingsley's master-hand:—

Careful scientific study has enforced on me, as it has on other students, the recognition that the African mind naturally approaches all things from a spiritual point of view. Low down in culture or high up, his mind works along the line that things happen because of the action of spirit upon spirit; it is an effort for him to think in terms of matter. We think along the line that things happen from the action of matter upon matter. If it were not for the Asiatic religion we have accepted, it is, I think, doubtful whether we should not be far more materialistic in thought-form than we are. This steady sticking to the material side of things, I think, has given our race its dominion over matter; the want of it has caused the African to be notably behind us in this, and far behind those Asiatic races who regard matter and spirit as separate in essence, a thing that is not in the mind either of the

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Englishman or the African. The Englishman is constrained by circumstances to perceive the existence of an extra-material world. The African regards spirit and matter as undivided in kind, matter being only the extreme low form of spirit. There must be in the facts of the case behind things something to account for the high perception of justice you will find in the African, combined with an inability to think out a pulley or a lever except under white tuition. Similarly, taking the true Negro States, which are in its equivalent to our Thirteenth century, it accounts for the higher level of morals in them than you would find in our Thirteenth century; and I fancy this want of interest and inferiority in materialism in the true Negro constitutes a reason why they will not come into our Nineteenth century, but under proper guidance could attain to a Nineteenth-century state of their own, which would show a proportionate advance" (pp. 386, 387).

We are prepared fully to accept alike the portrait and the plea. We want no slavish reproduction of English nineteenth-century culture upon African shores. We want the West African to enjoy the only true satisfaction for his intensely spiritual nature which God has in His abounding love and wisdom provided for all men. We want to see on the West African coast another branch of the Catholic Church which is already growing so rapidly in the central and southern regions of that mighty continent.

OUT OF THE DUST.

A little seed, a little earth,
A little sun and shower;
And lo! there sprang in joyous birth
A flower.

A little form, a little grave!
We wept—so weak we are.
God, smiling, shaped from what we gave
A star.

The Sunday Magazine.

G. D. C.

THE PERISHING LAND.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE FRENCH OF RENE BAZIN.

XI.

THE MERRYSKATING AT SEULIERE.

Toussaint Lumineau had good cause for his anxiety. His two sons were even then making their way down to that part of the Fromentière meadow where the ditch broadened out so as to afford a drinking-place for the cattle and a harbor for the two punts belonging to the farm.

When Mathurin said:

"Take me with you! I want to see Félicité," André offered hardly any remonstrance. Himself adventurous and imprudent, a soldier but yesterday, and still imbued with the spirit of camp-life, he merely said:

"I don't think it very wise; but if it amuses you—"

And so helped the lame man into the best of the punts, settled him in the prow where the boat's narrow, then leaped himself upon the slightly shelving platform at the other end, seized the long pole and began to punt—that is to say, to push the craft forward by pressing the iron shoe of the pole, now against the submerged meadow-bottom, and now against the firmer ground alongside.

They were soon well out in the middle of the Marais—the night being moonless and excessively cold. The clouds overhead continued to drift seaward, yet the darkness was by no means complete. There were streaks in the gray vault above them that were paler than the rest—bright spots incessantly broken and altered in outline by the movement of the clouds, and reflected, as the voyagers passed, upon the surface not only of the ditches, but

of the vast sheet of water which always overspread the greater part of the meadows after the winter rains, transforming them into a series of lakes, dotted with low islands. Every gleam was multiplied; and every gleam of shadow was invaded by eddies of light, which permitted André to find his way with ease. The punt followed the canals which crossed one another at right angles; but its progress was slow on account of the icicles, which were forming in sheaves about the reeds and stones alongside the waterways. If the wind did not rise the whole Marais would be frozen over before morning, and André knew this and pushed forward with all his might toward Seulière. He was beginning to realize his imprudence in having taken Mathurin with him on such a night, and so far. The invalid, on the other hand, neither stirred nor spoke, unwilling to attract the attention of his brother while they might still have gone back. But when they were more than two miles from Fromentière, and he felt reasonably sure that they would reach the scene of gaiety he opened his lips:

"'Driot," said he, "were you joking tonight, when you spoke of those countries where land is given to immigrants?"

"Not at all!"

"Has anybody offered to give you any?"

He lifted his head noiselessly and waited for André's answer, with eyes and ears alert, but no answer came. In all the wide extent of submerged

prairie no sound was audible, save the rush of the water displaced by the punt, which rose in waves that broke with a sound of chuckling laughter upon the frost-hardened mud of the banks. Presently Mathurin resumed:

"You miss François—I can see that. It changes the house a good deal to have nobody there but me."

The young man, who had been standing so erect that the outline of his figure barely described a curve in the half-light, suddenly ducked and exclaimed:

"Look out! Lie perfectly still, Mathurin!"

In an instant it became impenetrably dark, for they were passing under one of the single-arched stone bridges, of which there are several in the Marais.

When they were clear again Mathurin observed that the punt was moving more slowly—like one who ponders. Encouraged by this fact and fully resolved to get at the secret on which depended the future of Fromentière, the invalid persisted:

"We are all alone here, André. Why will you not tell me everything? You'd like to be tilling newer lands than ours. You want to be off yourself; but you would go farther away than François has gone, and do something very different."

The younger ceased punting altogether, and straightened himself up on the shelving part of the boat, letting his pole trail in the water.

"Since you have guessed my secret, Mathurin," he said, "please keep it. 'Tis quite true that I have received proposals. For my two thousand francs I can have a whole farm beyond the sea, and a herd of horses all my own. Some friends of mine have been negotiating about it, but I have not decided. I haven't said that I will go."

"You're afraid of the father!"

"I'm afraid of leaving him in a tight place. Who would manage Fromen-

tière if I were to go? There's Rosette, to be sure, who might marry—"

"Not that Boquin! He shall never come among us! But father has refused his consent anyway, and he's not likely to come back."

"Then, I don't see who could take Fromentière."

In a harsh, arbitrary voice which betrayed all his agitation, the infirm man cried:

"Do I count for nothing?"

"Oh, poor Mathurin—"

"I am better—I am going to get well," continued the elder, in the same harsh tone. "And when my turn comes to rule at Fromentière nobody else will rule there—do you understand?"

Not to exasperate him André answered:

"It would be a happy thing, indeed, for all of us, if you were to get well. I earnestly hope you may!"

But the cripple's wrath was not so easily appeased. Pulling himself up with a great effort, at the risk of capsizing the punt, he crawled on his hands and knees toward the stern and laid hold of his brother:

"Give me your place, boy! I'll show you how to punt!"

He seized the long pole and, dropping upon the hind seat of the boat, he began to propel it with a strength and dexterity that were simply amazing. In spite of the ice and other obstacles they shot forward at a rate which André could never have achieved, straight ahead, making no collisions. Mathurin's torso filled the entire width of the craft, and his enormous chest bent and expanded with the apparent ease of robust health. The farther they went the more rapid became the movement of his arms, the more frequent the impact of the pole upon the flying banks. Presently he turned to the right into a canal, which he followed for a few hundred yards. Rays of light began to stream from the shore,

growing brighter every instant. They issued from the doorway of Seulière, all of whose farm-buildings were now dimly visible. A sound of singing and the rhythmic beat of human footsteps came to them through the night, as Mathurin brought the punt nearly to a standstill, and allowed it to slip smoothly in among a dozen or so of others, moored there side by side. Before André had even thought to assist him he had rolled out upon the slope along which the house was built, and risen to his feet unaided.

"Well guided, Mathurin!" cried the younger, heartily, as he leaped after him.

Breathless, red in the face, but glorying as in a victory, the elder turned and said:

"Don't you be alarmed! A man who can guide a punt can manage a farm;" and he thrust his heavy shoulder against the door.

"Gently, gently, there! Who's that who wants to smash in the door?" cried some one, inside.

It was thrown wide at the same moment, and in the full glare of the lamp appeared the figure of Mathurin Lumineau. A ghost from the grave could hardly have caused a greater sensation. The terrified girls drew back and huddled themselves together along the walls; one or two of the boys in their amazement lifted the hats which they had kept on their heads while they were dancing; and several farmers' wives half rose from the chairs on which they had been sitting. They could not believe in the apparition of the new-comer at such an hour and so far from home. He, fiery red, and beginning to feel limp as the warm air struck him, but proud of the consternation he had caused, stood straight on his crutches, laughed in his tawny beard, and shouted in a ringing voice: "How are you all?"

Then, turning to the group of women

who were already beginning to chatter at the bottom of the room:

"Who'll take a turn with me, ladies?" he said; "and why do you look at me so? I'm not a dead man risen, and I've brought my handsome brother, André, along, if you prefer him for a vis-à-vis!"

He came forward, followed by the youngest son of Fromentière, tall and slim, and lifting his hand to his forehead in a military salute. There was a sudden burst of laughter from the assembled guests—questions, good-evenings. The girls rushed, in a body, toward the two from whom they had at first shrunk away, and the men upon all sides thrust out their hands; while the big voice of old Gauvrit—already a little the worse for wine—called out above the tumult from an inner room:

"The handsomest girl here to dance with Mathurin Lumineau! The handsomest, I say! Come on!"

It was not in obedience to her father's command that Félicité Gauvrit came forward. Disconcerted for one instant by the unexpected arrival, feeling the eyes of every man and woman in the room upon her, she saw that she must carry it off with a high hand; and, approaching Mathurin, with her black eyes fixed full upon those of the invalid, she flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"I did that," she said, defiantly, "because he is the pluckiest man in this parish. I asked him to come."

Dazzled, intoxicated by the memories thus awakened, Mathurin once more felt his force failing. He became excessively pale, and, turning on his crutches, made his way through a group of men upon his left, murmuring:

"Let me pass, lads! I must sit down."

He did so, in the inner room among the older men, who made way for him readily, while Father Gauvrit, by way of welcome, filled him a glass of the

white wine of Sallertaine. Still very pale, Mathurin accepted and lifted the glass with the time-honored formula:

"To the good health of all with all my heart!"

Immediately afterward dancing recommenced, and Mathurin was apparently forgotten.

The farm-house where they were all assembled—one of the newest in the Marais—was divided into two unequal parts. In the smaller the men who did not care for dancing drank or played at cards with the master of the house. In the other, which the Lumineau brothers had entered first, dancing went on merrily. The tables had been set back against the wall between the beds, the curtains of which were lifted and folded over the counterpanes that they might not catch the feet of the dancers. A half-dozen or so of matrons, who had come with their daughters, were gathered about the fireplace, before a fire of dried cow-dung—the common fuel of that comparatively treeless country—and each one had beside her on the hearth a cup of coffee flavored with brandy, from which she now and then took a sip. The atmosphere of the room was foul, smoky, and pervaded by the smell of wine. The petroleum lamps, of which there were a good many scattered about, illuminated the sets of dancers, who were rather closely crowded, and the frosty air from without, as it drew in under the door, made the girls of the Marais shiver at times, even under their heavy woollen skirts. The long room was full, nevertheless, of life, laughter, and merry talk. The boys and girls from isolated farms, cut off by the periodic inundation, were weary of rest and reverie, and welcomed with feverish delight their momentary escape and restoration to social life. They would soon disperse, and all their merriment would pass away in widening ripples upon that silent sea; and, knowing this,

they made the most of the fleeting hour.

A favorite dance was the *marachine*—a sort of jumping quadrille—something like an old-fashioned jig, to which the bystanders hummed a monotonous accompaniment. There were also round dances, for which the music was furnished by two voices—a man's and a woman's—all joining in the chorus, to the accompaniment of an accordion played by a forlorn little twelve-year-old hunchback. Occasionally they attempted more modern dances, polkas or cotillions, for which the tune was always the same, though the measure was made to vary. Most of the young girls danced well—some with a wonderful feeling for pose and rhythm; and the daintiest and best-dressed had a white handkerchief tied round the waist to save the gowns from being soiled, when, at the last of each refrain, their partners clasped them tight and made them jump as high as possible, to show the strength of the lad and the agility of the lass. They came together from remote corners of the same parish, took up again the affairs of the previous winter, or spoke of love for the first time, and gave one another rendezvous at the Challans market, or at some gathering soon to take place on another farm. New-comers were eagerly pointed out, and among these last it was André Lumineau who excited the most interest, for he was the gayest of all, and by far the readiest with his quips and cranks.

So the hours went by. Twice already had Father Gauvrit gone the length of the two rooms, opened the outer door, and made his report of the weather.

"The moon will soon be up, and the wind is rising, but it continues to freeze."

Then he would go back and resume his place among the card-players. Mathurin had consented to take a hand, but his mind was not on the game, and

he paid less attention to the fall of the cards than to the words and gestures, as she passed, of Félicité Gauvrit; and more than once that bold and clever woman had paused, with her partner, in the inner room, to exchange a few words with Mathurin Lumineau. She glowed with pride, and her triumph was plainly legible upon the hard, though regular, features which could always be seen above the other lace caps; for it was plain that, after a lapse of six years, the mad passion she had once inspired was living yet, and had brought again to her side the sons of Fromentièr.

It was now ten o'clock, and a little girl of the Marais, with a face ruddy-brown like the plumage of a thrush, lifted up the first notes of a new round:

When I lived at home,
A very little thing,
I used to gather water-cress
Beside the running spring.

Twenty male and as many female voices came in with the refrain:

Our ducks and our ducklings,
Our ducks and our ducklings,
Our ducks and our ducklings,
Are all flown away!

and the dancers passed on into the inner room. At the same instant Félicité Gauvrit, who had refused to join them, approached the table where Mathurin was sitting. The latter flung his cards away and made an attempt to rise, but Félicité restrained him.

"Sit still, Mathurin," she said. "Don't incommoder yourself. I have come to watch the dancers," and pulling forward a chair she sat down beside him. They were partly in the shadow of a massive wardrobe, and neither looked at the other. They were seemingly absorbed in the figures of the dance, but what they really saw was something very different. The man's eyes

were fixed upon the past. He beheld their assignations, the vows they had exchanged, their return from Challans in the cart on that fatal night; his own intolerable anguish for so many years—now, as he fondly fancied, over. The woman was contemplating a possible, and, it might be, very near future; herself installed as mistress of Fromentièr, queening it at church on a Sunday; the proudest girls in the country-side forced to bow to her; and the husband she proposed to accept was the youngest of the Lumineau, now dancing with that same child of fifteen who had sung the first couplets of the round.

Mathurin said a few words under his breath, in a voice broken by emotion, for he already foresaw the end of this one happy moment; and the daughter of Seulière, grave and réservé, with hands outspread upon her apron, answered him deliberately in tones too low to be overheard. Many eyes were fixed upon that strange pair, who had once been an affianced couple, while the chorus of the song made the walls ring again.

The clear, laughing voice of the young *Maraichine* then resumed the thread of the ballad:

Clear was the water,
Deep therein dipped I,
When three brave gentlemen
Came riding by.

"What givest thou, pretty one,
If we draw for thee?"
"Draw, draw," the maiden cried;
"Afterward, we'll see!"

Ere the jug was lifted
The maiden fled away;
Peeped from her window,
Sang a merry lay.

"Flie on thee, pretty one!
Where's our reward?
Art thou too dainty
To pleasure a lord?"

The dance was growing furious. The big lads of the Marais clasped their girls about the waist, and swung them so high that their muslin caps touched the ceiling. The chaperons drank a last cup of coffee, and the card-players watched the progress of the saraband, while the air grew thick with dust and the lamps flared and smoked.

The daughter of Seuliére had suffered the cripple to take one of her hands, but it was the huge, hairy hand that trembled while the small and comparatively fair one remained irresponsive. Then came the last verse of the round:

Tokens for lordlings
I've none to spare!
One only has my love,
The farm-lad, Pierre.

For the first time Félicité smiled and looked full at Mathurin, saying, confidentially:

"That's Rosette's story, is it not?"
"What she wanted, if you will believe it," answered Mathurin, "was to marry our servant and be the mistress of Fromentiére, but I was too many for them! I made them turn off Jean Nesmy, and I can tell you he will not be seen there again in a hurry! And now—"

He lowered his voice yet farther and bent toward her, till his tawny locks touched her white cap.

"Now, Félicité, if you will still have me, it is you who shall be mistress of Fromentiére."

She had no time to reply. The chorus of the song stopped suddenly amid a general murmur of amazement, and, as the girl sprang to her feet, she perceived that a man had entered, and was making his way toward the inner room. His white head rose high over all the startled groups, covered by a hat which he had not even touched with his finger. His garments were stiff with frost, and he carried over one

arm a tattered old brown cloak. With a stern countenance, and blinking in the light of the lamps, he looked about for some one, and all the guests fell back before the master of Fromentiére.

"Are my boys here?" he demanded.

"They are," said a voice behind him.
"Here am I, father."

"Very well, 'Driot," replied the old man, without turning his head. "I am not alarmed about you, though it's no place here for any of my children. But it's freezing so fast that the whole Marais will be solid before sunrise, and it might be the death of Mathurin, helpless as he is. Why did you bring him here?"

There was a general silence, during which the farmer's eye searched the entire apartment. One or two of those who stood by them designated Mathurin at the end of the inner room, and the father perceived beside him the woman who had been the cause of all their misery.

"The Jade!" he muttered; "she's after him still!" and he pushed his way impudently through the throng, elbowing the dancers right and left.

"No offence to you, Gauvrit," he added, nodding to the master of the house, who advanced rather gingerly; "but I must take my boys away. There's death in the Marais on a night like this."

"I couldn't help your sons coming, Toussaint Lumineau," stammered Gauvrit, but the farmer did not hear him.

"Out of this house, Mathurin," he said; "and put on the cloak I have brought for you."

He flung the dilapidated garment over the back of the cripple, who rose without a word and followed his father like a child, while the bystanders—a few with sneering faces, but most of them deeply moved—watched the stout old fellow who had come alone over the Marais to fetch his boy

away from the perils of Seulière. The girls were whispering together.

"He hadn't a word even for Félicité," said one.

"He must have been handsome when he was young," murmured another, while the little maid who had sung the ballad added:

"André is the picture of his father."

Father and sons heard them not. The door of Seulière had closed behind them, and they were out in the freezing night. The clouds were now high in heaven and scudding rapidly along, having melted into dark masses, of which the outer edge only was silvered by the moon. It was the sort of cold that penetrates clothing, and even flesh, piercing to the very marrow—a temperature deadly to the weak; and the farmer, who understood the danger, lost no time in dragging out his own two boats from among those moored at the landing-place of Seulière. Climbing into the first, he bade the still-obedient Mathurin to lie in the bottom of the boat, and pushed off. Rolled up in his woollen cloak, the invalid remained as motionless as a heap of seaweed; but, unobserved of the other two, he had lifted a corner of the garment, and was gazing, as he lay, at the receding farm; nor did he once take his eyes from the bright doorway, which had now a new association added to all the rest, until distance and the shelving banks of the canals hid it from view. André was behind them in the second boat.

Thus they retraced their way, through ditches and across meadows, fighting, as best they could, against

the furious, though intermittent, gusts of wind. The storm was up now and prevented the ice from spreading. The farmer, long unused to punting, did not make much headway, and paused from time to time to say: "Are you very cold, Mathurin?" or, "You're there, André?" whereupon the youthful accents rang out promptly from behind:

"All right!"

Tired as the old man was, he gloried in having gotten back his boys; and for no apparent reason his thoughts dwelt, as they had not done for long, upon Mother Lumineau.

"She'll be glad," was his dreamy reflection, "that I took Mathurin away from Seulière."

Once or twice he almost thought he saw at a turning of the canal a pair of blue eyes that smiled upon him as his old wife had been wont to do, then dropped their gaze and vanished among the reeds. At such times he would wipe his eyes with his sleeve, shake off the stupor that seemed to be stealing over him, and shout again to one or other of his companions, "Are you all right?"

The younger was in no dreamy mood. He was pondering deeply on what he had seen and heard—on the insensate passion of Mathurin and the furious temper which would make life doubly hard for whoever should attempt to manage Fromentière after their father was gone. The thought of emigrating to a new country grew more and more alluring to his anxious mind. And so, at last, the boats arrived in the bulrush meadow.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

At the opening of every session of Parliament, when the Sovereign is not present, a proclamation styled "the Royal Commission" is read in the House of Lords by one of the clerks, to the assembled Peers and Commons. This proclamation, which is the Royal authority for the opening of Parliament by the Lords Commissioners (the five Peers, including the Lord Chancellor, who sit arrayed in red robes, slashed with ermine, on a bench beneath the throne), is engrossed on parchment, and attached to it by a plaited silken cord is a red seal, as round and as thick and as large as a muffin. This is the "Great Seal of England"—the specific emblem of sovereignty. A document to which the Great Seal is attached is the instrument by which the will of the Sovereign is declared. The Great Seal is, therefore, affixed to all proclamations of the Sovereign, dissolving or summoning Parliaments; and to all royal mandates and important documents of State, such as charters to towns and institutions, treaties with foreign Powers, patents of nobility, credentials of ambassadors to foreign sovereigns and states, and appointments of Colonial Governors. Green wax is used if the instrument be of a permanent character; and red or yellow in cases of documents of limited duration.

The Great Seal itself—or the die from which this massive wax impression is obtained—consists of two heavy silver discs, hinged together so as to form a sort of mould into which the molten wax is poured by an official of the Lord Chancellor's department, comically known as "chill-wax," and allowed to harden when a seal is required. The disc which forms the obverse of the seal is engraved with a youthful figure

of Her Majesty enthroned, arrayed in her coronation robes, crowned and jewelled, and holding the sceptre in her right hand. Classic figures of Religion and Justice stand on either side of the throne. Justice, on the right, holding in her right hand a pair of scales, and resting her left hand upon the hilt of a sword, which is pointed downwards; Religion, on the left, supporting a cross with her right arm, and with her left hand a clasped Bible, on the corner of which is a triangle as a sacred symbol of the Blessed Trinity. The second disc, or the reverse of the seal, has another figure of the Queen in a long, flowing State robe, with a crown on her head, and round her neck the collar and badge of the Garter, riding a horse richly caparisoned, and attended by a young page. Each side has an exquisite border of roses, thistles, and shamrocks entwined. Indeed, the Great Seal, viewed as an artistic specimen of the engraver's art, is worthy of its purpose.

A new Great Seal is made on the accession of every sovereign to the throne. Wax seals are not very enduring. The material is prone to melt or crumble away, and the impressions are liable to wear off. But, happily, well-preserved specimens of the Great Seals of England since the time of William the Conqueror may be seen in the Grenville Library, British Museum, in wax of various colors—green, red, chocolate, yellow—and all, with the exception of those used during the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, have this in common, that on one side is the sovereign enthroned, as the supreme authority of the realm, and on the other he sits on horseback, equipped for war, as the head of the army. The Lord Keeper of the Great Seal centu-

ries ago was the ecclesiastic most noted for his learning and piety, who acted as chaplain and confessor to the Sovereign, or some powerful prelate like Cardinal Wolsey, around whose neck it was hung with the injunction that he was to "use it to the honor of God and his Sovereign." The Lord Keeper also often used it to his own profit. No royal document which conferred a favor, such as a charter, a patent of nobility, or a pardon, was allowed to "pass the Great Seal"—as the Parliamentary phrase has it—until a big fee was paid to the Lord Keeper.

By an act passed in the reign of Elizabeth the hitherto separate offices of the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal and Lord Chancellor were united. When the Lord Chancellor enters the House of Lords to preside over its deliberations, he is accompanied by his "purse-bearer." This functionary, however, does not carry the private purse of the Lord Chancellor. That would be a weighty responsibility, as his lordship draws a salary of £10,000 a year. The purse the "purse-bearer" solemnly carries, as, attired in Court dress, he precedes the Lord Chancellor to and from the House of Lords, is a gorgeous satchel, richly embroidered with the Royal Arms, and other heraldic devices, in white and gold, and lined with the richest silk. It is supposed to contain the Great Seal. As a matter of fact, that emblem of a mighty sovereignty is never in the satchel. If it were, the responsibility of the "purse-bearer" would be great—much greater, indeed, than if he had to bear a purse that held a salary of £10,000 a year. But the Great Seal is too precious a thing to be carried about by an official, even in the House of Lords. It lies, in its morocco-covered box, in a strong safe, no doubt, at the residence of the Lord Chancellor, whence it is taken only when some important State document requires the

"imprimatur" of the Sovereign. The ceremony of carrying the empty satchel in the House of Lords is but one of many venerable fictions which play a picturesque part in Parliamentary procedure. The purse is placed on the Woolsack immediately behind the seat of the Lord Chancellor. It indicates that the Lord Chancellor is in possession of the Great Seal, and therefore entitled to perform his duties as Speaker of the House of Lords.

The Great Seal has played an historic part in the long struggle between Parliament and the Stuart kings. In 1642 Charles I removed his Court to York, where he thought he would be better able to withstand the demands of the Parliamentary leaders for Constitutional Government. Littleton, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, who was supposed at first to be on the side of the Parliamentarians, joined the king, and, to the great joy of Charles, brought the Great Seal with him. The Parliamentarians were dismayed. The Great Seal was supposed to be really invested with the royal power and authority of which it was but the emblem. Indeed, the opinion was generally entertained that the Great Seal was a sort of wizard's charm. With it the king could do anything; without it he was powerless. Besides, the policy of the Parliamentarians, at this time, was to carry on the Government in the King's name, according to the forms of the Constitution; and therefore the unexpected flight of Lord Keeper Littleton, with the emblem of sovereignty, placed them in an awkward dilemma. Several meetings of the Commons were held to devise means to overcome the difficulty, and even public prayers were offered up for that purpose. The first step taken was that, early in 1643, Parliament passed an act making void all patents and grants under the Great Seal since the time the Great Seal "ceased"—as the Act has it—"to attend

the Parliament." But, of course, this did not remedy matters. The Parliamentarians continued to be seriously hampered in carrying on the government by the absence of the Great Seal. The question of providing a new Great Seal was, therefore, brought before the House of Commons in May of the same year. Now, an old statute of Edward III declared to be high treason, carrying with it the penalty of death (a crime, by the way, reduced to felony by an Act passed early in the present reign), any attempt at imitating, forging, or counterfeiting the Great Seal. Many of the Commons were, as was natural in the circumstances, very much perplexed. If the motion to provide a new Great Seal were carried, and the King ultimately came back, there would certainly be a chopping off of heads, long imprisonments in the Tower, confiscations of property, and other unpleasant consequences. After a debate, which was prolonged over four days, the motion was carried in one of the biggest divisions that had taken place for a long time—the numbers being: ayes 86, noes 74.

The Lords, however, refused their concurrence with this vote of the House of Commons. The King, hearing of the difference between the two houses, issued a proclamation at Oxford, dated June, 1643, declaring that he would proceed with the utmost severity under the Act of Edward III against any person whatsoever who should assist, vote, or concur in the proposed counterfeiting of his Great Seal. But the Commons, at least, were not to be intimidated by these royal threats; and refusing to wait any longer for the Lords' concurrence, they issued the following order to Thomas Simonds, an eminent medallist, often known as Simon:—

Ordered, that Mr. Simonds be required and enjoined, forthwith to make a New Great Seal for England, and

that he shall have £100 for his pains—£40 in hand and three score pounds as soon as he shall have finished the work.

As if to mitigate as much as possible the gravity of this constitutional departure, the new emblem of sovereignty was an exact fac-simile of the Great Seal in the possession of the King. Charles was represented on one side, enthroned and wearing the mantle and collar of the Garter, and, on the other side riding on horseback in a suit of armor. The Lords held out for a few months longer. They yielded their assent to the use of the new Great Seal in October. "It must surely excite a smile," says Hallam in his "Constitutional History," "that men who had raised armies and fought battles against the King should be perplexed how to get over so technical a difficulty. But the Great Seal in the eyes of English lawyers has a sort of mysterious efficacy and passes for the depository of royal authority in a higher degree than the person of the King." However, a few years later those constitutional scruples had disappeared. On the capitulation of Oxford to the Parliamentary Army in 1646, the Royal Seal was surrendered by Lord-Keeper Lane (in whose possession it had been left by Charles I when he rode away, disguised, from the city) and was forwarded by General Fairfax to the House of Commons. The House was overjoyed at the recovery of the emblem, and resolved that it should be defaced and broken. This curious ceremony took place on August 11th. Mr. Speaker Lenthal appeared at the Bar of the House of Lords at the Head of the Commons, with the Great Seal of the King, when it was ignominiously broken to pieces with a hammer wielded by a brawny blacksmith, amid the exultant cheers of the members of both Chambers.

The Parliamentary Seal met with an

exactly similar fate. It continued in use until the beginning of 1649. In January of that year, a few weeks before the execution of Charles I at Whitehall, Parliament again ordered Simonds to make a fresh seal, and this time voted him £200 for the work. It was delivered early in February. On one side was shown, not the sovereign enthroned, but a view of the House of Commons in session, with the inscription: "In the First Year of Freedom by God's Blessing Restored, 1648," and on the other side the King on horseback was replaced by a map of England, Ireland, Jersey and Guernsey. The old Parliamentary Seal, which, it will be remembered, contained the name and insignia of the late sovereign, was then broken to pieces by a blacksmith at the Bar of the Lower Chamber, before the assembled Commons, with the Speaker in the chair.

Oliver Cromwell had a new Great Seal made by Simonds in 1653, when he established the Protectorate. It contained no representation of the Long Parliament. That had been rudely dispersed in 1653 by a file of musketeers, acting under the orders of Cromwell. Instead of the map of England and Ireland there were emblems, representative of England, Scotland and Ireland, surrounding the arms of the Cromwell family; and instead of the House of Commons there was an effigy of Cromwell on horseback, with head uncovered and sheathed sword, over which was the inscription, "Oliver Lord Protector." A similar seal was also made by Simonds for Richard Cromwell, when he succeeded his father as head of the Protectorate in 1658. It contained a figure of Richard on horseback, with the inscription, "Richard Lord Protector."

Meantime Charles II possessed a Great Seal of his own in exile. He had

one made in Holland on the news of his father's execution reaching him there in 1649. He brought it with him to Scotland, where he was crowned King, at Scone, on June 1st, 1651, preparatory to a descent on England; but lost it in his flight from the field of Worcester, where, on September 3d, 1651, his followers were utterly routed by the Parliamentarians. Charles succeeded in escaping to France, and had another Great Seal made in Paris in 1652.

The Restoration was accompanied by other Great Seal vicissitudes. The Long Parliament, which first met in November, 1650, and a portion of which, known as "the Rump," Oliver Cromwell ignominiously turned out in 1653, met again in May, 1657—or rather the forty-two members of it who survived—and on the 14th of that month the Great Seal of Richard Cromwell was, by their orders, demolished by a blacksmith at the Bar. Eleven days later Richard Cromwell formally resigned the Lord Protectorate. But Parliament did not again requisition the services of Simonds to make a new Great Seal. The second Great Seal of the Commonwealth, in use before the Protectorate, had been preserved, and this was again brought into service, though it ignored the King and the Lords, by giving a representation of the House of Commons as the supreme power of the land. The restoration of Charles II was, however, determined upon. The Long Parliament was at length dissolved in March, 1660, the new Parliament met in April, and on May 28th the now familiar spectacle of a blacksmith smashing a Great Seal was witnessed once more at the Bar of the House of Lords before the assembled members of both Chambers. It was the Great Seal of the Commonwealth that was then destroyed. The next day, May 29th, 1660, Charles II came to Whitehall with the

Great Seal he had made at Paris in 1652.

But the strange and curious adventures of the Great Seal of England—that sacred symbol of a mighty sovereignty—were by no means at an end. That year so memorable in our history, 1688, arrived. William of Orange was in England, and the country, weary of the despotism of James II, was flocking to his standard. On the night of December 10th, in that year, the last of the Stuart Kings stole out of his palace at Whitehall, disguised, and accompanied only by Sir Edward Hales, to fly to France. He had the Great Seal with him. He got it the day before from the Lord Chancellor, the notorious Jeffreys (whom, however, he did not apprise of his intention to fly from the country), intending at first to carry it with him to France, and so, as he fondly imagined, render difficult any exercise of the Royal authority by the adherents of the Prince of Orange. James, with his companion, went to the horse-ferry (where Lambeth Bridge now spans the river), and, procuring a boat there, rowed up to Vauxhall, where he had arranged for horses to meet him to bring him to the coast. On the way down the Thames, fearing capture before he could reach the coast, he dropped the Great Seal into the river. He was, no doubt, delighted to think that the emblem was irrevocably lost, and that his opponents were thereby crippled in carrying on the government of the country. It would probably have made no matter even if the wish of James had been realized. A way would have been found out of the difficulty. But, happily, the Great Seal was accidentally recovered shortly afterwards by the nets of some fishermen, who were plying their avocation in the river near Lambeth, and was handed over to the proper authorities.

History only records the irrecoverable loss of one Great Seal—the first

of George III. This untoward event occurred when Lord Thurlow was Lord Chancellor, he of whom Fox wittily said, "I suppose no one was as wise as Thurlow looks—that is impossible." One night in March, 1784, his lordship's residence in Great Ormond Street—at that time a rather rural suburb—was broken into by burglars, who carried off the Great Seal, along with a sum of money and two silver-hilted swords belonging to officers of the Lord Chancellor. In the morning, Thurlow, in a very depressed condition of mind, repaired to Downing Street, to tell the unpleasant news to Pitt, who had just been appointed Prime Minister for the first time by George III, and both then went to the King at Buckingham Palace. The Privy Council was summoned within a few hours, to devise measures for coping with this great and most unexpected emergency; and, in obedience to the urgent command of the Council, the royal engraver produced another Great Seal—a faithful replica of the one that had been stolen—in thirty-six hours. It was said the burglars were in the employ of the Whigs. A dissolution was supposed to be imminent, and as the Whigs desired to avert it, they were charged with stealing the Great Seal, without which, it was hoped—so the story ran—the sovereign could not dissolve Parliament. No doubt the mighty emblem was cast into the melting pot of some thieves' den. But it cannot have brought the burglars more than a couple of pence, for at that time the Great Seal was copper. It is only since 1818 that it has been made of silver. Lord Thurlow was extremely careful of the new Great Seal. He always slept with it under his pillow during the eight subsequent years he was Lord Chancellor.

The Great Seal which was made after the union of Great Britain and Ireland in 1801 is interesting, from the fact

that it did not contain the old title "Rex Francale." This was first assumed by Edward III, and continued by all his successors; even Charles II used it on the Great Seal he had made in Paris while living there in exile, under the protection of the King of France. The Great Seal of 1800 also met with a misadventure. Lord Eldon was Lord Chancellor from 1801 to 1826 (except for a brief interval during the Greville Administration, which followed the death of Pitt in 1806), and thus was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal for twenty-five years, the longest time the office has ever been held. He relates in his "Diary" that when he waited on the King in 1801 to receive the Great Seal, the sovereign, with whom he was a great favorite, produced it from between his coat and waistcoat on the left side, and handing it to him, said, "Here, I give it to you from my heart." Eldon, therefore, was anxious to prove himself a most careful keeper of the Great Seal. Before retiring every night he saw that it was safe and secure in his bed-chamber. But, with all his precaution, he nearly lost the emblem. One night, in the year 1812, Eldon was aroused from his slumbers by the cry that the house was on fire. His first thought was for the Great Seal. Jumping from his bed he snatched up the box containing the emblem, rushed down into the garden, and buried it in one of the flower-beds. Returning to the house, he was "so enchanted," as he confesses in his "Diary," "with the pretty sight of the maids who had turned out of their beds, and were handing in buckets of water to the fire-engine in their shifts," but it is only fair to mention that he adds, "and so alarmed for the safety of Lady Eldon," that next morning he had quite forgotten the spot in which he had buried the Great Seal. It was only after a long search in the garden that it was discovered. "You never

saw anything so ridiculous," he writes, "as seeing the whole family down the walks dibbling with bits of stick until we found it."

But of all the Great Seals that of William IV had probably the most extraordinary adventure, at the time its Lord Keeper was the able but eccentric Brougham, the Lord Chancellor of the Grey Administration, which carried Reform, and also of the Administration that succeeded it, the first formed by Lord Melbourne. In the autumn of 1834 Edinburgh decided to celebrate the victory of Reform by entertaining the ex-Premier Earl Grey to a banquet. Brougham had at first intended "to go junketing on the Rhine with Mrs. P." (so says Greville, who never missed an opportunity of recording a bit of scandal in his "Memoirs"), but this project was relinquished when he discovered that he could not leave the country without putting the Great Seal in Commission, at a cost to himself of £1400, which was a larger price than he was disposed to pay for his trip. He then decided to go to Scotland instead, for the Grey festival, carrying with him the Great Seal, which, in accordance with the ancient law, must always be in the personal custody of the Lord Chancellor. His progress through his native country was triumphal, but his eccentric speeches and actions created consternation among his colleagues, and provided amazement and amusement for the country at large.

While staying at Rothiemurchus, then the residence of the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, the ladies of the party, in frolic, purloined the Great Seal from his bedroom and hid it. Brougham was in great distress of mind when he missed the Great Seal, for he feared it was lost; so the ladies relieved him of his anxiety by telling him of their joke, and, blindfolding him, they sent him to search for the Great Seal in the drawing-room. At

last, to his intense joy, he dragged it forth from a tea-chest, and then, to appropriately celebrate its recovery, he allowed the ladies to make pancakes with it by pouring the ingredients between the discs. He subsequently put the Great Seal to the same culinary use at Taymouth to amuse the Marchioness of Breadalbane.

News of these strange doings reached the ears of King William, and he was greatly scandalized. "There could not, indeed, be a more revolting spectacle," wrote the *Times* on November 17th, 1834, "than for the highest law officer of the empire to be travelling about like a quack doctor through the provinces, puffing himself and his little nostrums, and committing and degrading the Government of which he had the honor to be a member. His Majesty could not but be indignant with such conduct. And it is a fact, notwithstanding all the fulsome adulation heaped on his 'Gracious Master' at Inverness, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and elsewhere, the peripatetic keeper of the King's conscience has not once been admitted since his return from his travels to the honor of an interview with Royalty, either at Windsor or Brighton." The Whig ministers were, in that month of November, dismissed by the King. Brougham, to mark his resentment of the treatment he received from William, sent him the Great Seal in a bag instead of following the established custom of delivering it personally into the sovereign's own hands. It is said that when, in the following year, Melbourne was again commanded to form another ministry, the King stipulated that Brougham should not be replaced in the office of Lord Chancellor. He lived until 1868, but he was never again Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

The Great Seal cannot legally be taken out of the Kingdom. Cardinal Wolsey took the Great Seal of Henry

VIII, of which he was Lord Keeper, with him on a visit to the Low Countries in 1521. Proud, imperious and masterful, a law unto himself in the days of his prosperity, he thought, no doubt, that he could ignore constitutional usages with impunity. But for this act he was never forgiven, and when the days of adversity came, it was one of the things remembered against him that contributed to his ruin. That of Henry VIII appears to have been the only Great Seal which has ever been taken outside the realm. And as the Great Seal must remain within the borders of the Kingdom, so, too, must its Lord Keeper. The sovereign may go abroad without any dislocation of the affairs of the State, or any inconvenience to the high officials at the head of the Government. But there is no provision in the constitution for the absence of the Lord Chancellor, as Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, except the cumbrous one of delegating the duties of the office to a Commission whenever the Lord Keeper desired to spend his holidays abroad. His lordship has, therefore, to content himself with the health and pleasure resorts of the United Kingdom.

The three attacks of mental derangement from which George III suffered established the constitutional principle that every royal mandate and every act of the Government requiring the sign manual of the sovereign, may be rendered legal by the *imprimatur* of the Great Seal affixed by the Lord Keeper on the advice of the Cabinet, of which he himself, indeed, is always a member. During an illness of George II, in 1754, Lord Hardwicke affixed the Great Seal to the Commission for opening Parliament without, of course, the royal authority, which the king was incapable of giving; and this rational, common-sense precedent was followed by William Pitt, as Prime Minister, in 1788, when George III was

placed under restraint by order of his physicians. It was then that the famous constitutional question of the regency led to a complete reversal of the traditional policies of the two great political parties. The Whigs became the champions of the divine right of kings; the Tories the advocates of the supremacy of Parliament. Fox advanced the opinion that the exercise of the prerogatives of the Crown during the king's illness lay by right in the Prince of Wales, independent of any decision of Parliament. The views of the great Whig leader were colored, no doubt, by the belief that the first act of the Prince, as regent, would be to dismiss Pitt from office and appoint him Premier, for the Prince was then a Whig. Pitt, influenced, doubtless, by a natural desire to avert that calamity, laid it down that, except with the approval of Parliament, the Prince of Wales had no more right—in a strict legal sense—to assume the powers of the headship of the State than any other individual subject. Before the question could be settled by a vote of the House of Commons, the king got well; but the controversy between the Whigs and Tories, to which it gave rise, is striking evidence of the power of the sovereign at that time to advance a political policy. The king fell ill again in 1801 and 1804. It was not, however, till the attack of 1811, which terminated only with the old blind monarch's life in 1820, that it again became necessary to issue, without the sovereign's sign manual, letters patent under the Great Seal for the opening of Parliament by Commission.

I have said that a fresh Great Seal is made on the accession of every sovereign to the throne. One of the first acts of a new sovereign is to summon the Privy Council for the purpose of having a Great Seal provided. Designs are invited, and the one accepted is

placed immediately in the hands of the royal engraver. When the new Great Seal is made, the old undergoes a process called "damasking." It is supposed to be broken, but it really is not. The new sovereign, in presence of the Privy Council, simply gives it a gentle blow with a hammer. Being thus nominally deprived of all its virtue as the symbol of sovereignty, it becomes the perquisite of the Lord Chancellor of the time. But his lordship has another quaint and curious perquisite in addition to his salary of £10,000 a year. The satchel—that splendid specimen of art-needlework—which is supposed to contain the Great Seal, is renewed every session of Parliament, and the discarded purse goes to the Lord Chancellor. Lady Thurlow was enabled to make several magnificent counterpanes and bed-hangings from the satchels which fell to her husband as perquisites during the many years he filled the office of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

On the accession of William IV to the throne, in 1830, there was an interesting contention between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham for the possession of the Great Seal of George IV. Lyndhurst was Lord Chancellor at the death of George, but a change of Government having followed, Brougham occupied the office when the Great Seal of William was completed. The former argued that as the old Great Seal really belonged to the preceding reign, and that it was vested in him at the death of the sovereign, it was his by every right and title; while the latter contended, in support of his claim to the emblem, that, as provided by law, it continued in use until the Great Seal of the succeeding sovereign was actually ready. William IV, to whom the dispute was referred for arbitration, settled it to the mutual satisfaction of both statesmen. He allotted to each of them one of the sides of the Great Seal,

and tossed up a coin to see which should have the king on his throne, and which the king on horseback. But his Majesty's graciousness did not end there. He had the two sides set in superb silver salvers, and Brougham and Lyndhurst received, thus mounted, their respective portions of the Great Seal of George IV.

The action of William IV may now be regarded as a well-established precedent. In 1800 a new Great Seal was ordered, as the one made at the accession of the Queen to the throne had got somewhat worn. Lord Chelmsford was Lord Chancellor at the time, but before the new seal was completed he was succeeded, on a change of Government, by Lord Campbell. They decided that, with the consent of the Queen, they would be bound by the judgment of William IV in the case of *Lyndhurst v. Brougham* as to the disposal of the old Seal. Campbell laid the matter before Her Majesty, who readily consented to follow the precedent of her uncle, and accordingly Chelmsford and

Campbell received each a side of the Great Seal set in a silver salver. The precedent was extended by Lord Chancellor Cairns in 1878, when it again became necessary to provide another Great Seal. The old Seal fell, as usual, to Lord Cairns, and though he was under no obligation to do so, he gave one of the sides to his predecessor on the woolsack, Lord Selborne, who was Lord Chancellor in 1873.

The Great Seals, it will be seen, are of great interest to the antiquary and historian. There are preserved throughout the country a succession of them in wax from the time of Edward III. For nearly seven hundred years the royal armorial bearings have appeared upon them, and they furnish heraldic illustrations of the progress of the history of the country. They also supply the students of armor and costume with exact and contemporaneous illustrations of the dress worn by the sovereigns throughout the many years of English history since the days of Edward III.

Michael MacDonagh.

Temple Bar.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

Most tuneful singer, lover tenderest,
Most sad, most piteous, and most musical,
Thine is the shrine more pilgrim-worn than all
The shrines of singers; high above the rest
Thy trumpet sounds most loud, most manifest.
Yet better were it if a lonely call
Of woodland birds, a song, a madrigal,
Were all the jetsam of thy sea's unrest.

For now thy praises have become too loud
On vulgar lips, and every yelping cur
Yaps thee a p̄ean; the whiles little men,
Not tall enough to worship in a crowd,
Spit their small wits at thee. Ah! better then
The broken shrine, the lonely worshipper.

From *The City of the Soul*.

I.

Joshua Grenfell had made up his mind to marry. We do not arrive at any important conclusion in life without working up to it, consciously or unconsciously. Joshua worked up to his unconsciously. He was fifty-six years of age, and it was the first time he had seriously contemplated the step. It was his friend's having taken the vital step with success that turned his thoughts into a similar channel. Bill Brentwood was Joshua's only friend. He had acquaintances. He might have had friends, as the world counts them, had he chosen. His surroundings were such as to make it worth the world's while to cultivate him; but somehow he had little social ambition, and so he remained very much alone.

He went to the city every morning by the Underground, returning to his handsome house in De Vere Gardens on the top of a 'bus, or on foot, for the sake of the exercise. Year in, year out, it made a monotonous enough program, and was only varied by Brentwood's dropping in to dinner, or to stay the night. By-and-by even that variety was denied him, for Bill married a wife, and Grenfell regarded the event as striking the death-knell of their pleasant bachelor intercourse.

The rich, lonely merchant shrank from the society of women with all the sensitiveness of a man from whose life they have been almost completely excluded for a quarter of a century. But his friend who had dug and delved beneath the crust of reserve and coldness that Joshua presented to the world, and had discovered something that outweighed those surface qualities, saw no reason why the change in his circumstances should affect his relations

with his friend. So a couple of months after his marriage he buttonholed Joshua in the city one day.

"I say, old man," he said, "we have got a cottage at Surbiton. Come down to us for the end of the week. I want you to see my wife."

Joshua looked at his friend. There was, to his sharpened eyesight, an indescribable change in him. His somewhat broad features had acquired an air of happiness that almost idealized their unclassic contour. There was something even in the cut of his necktie, in the set of his buttonhole, in the *tout ensemble* of the man that was significant. He was ten years Joshua's junior. Grenfell hesitated.

"We are past the spooning stage," continued his friend, persuasively; "you have nothing to fear from that."

Joshua colored like a schoolgirl.

"Don't plead a prior engagement," Bill urged. "I want you to see Mary, you know."

The invitation in its one aspect tempted Joshua strongly. He did not know till now what a loss Brentwood had been to him or how pleasant would be the partial resumption of the old intimacy. On the other hand "Mary" presented herself as a bugbear, and he shrank from the atmosphere of domesticity that seemed somehow to have engulfed his friend. In the end, however, Brentwood's persuasions prevailed, and he promised.

The preparations for the visit were made on a different scale from such visits in the old days. Again, Mr. Grenfell was reminded, as he ordered his man to pack the regulation dress suit, of the presence of a lady. The action was symbolic. The friendly smoking-coat would have to be tabooed. There was to be no enjoyable *abandon*

about this visit—everything set, stiff, formal.

He went down with his host next day by the 2.25 train from Victoria. Brentwood was in high spirits.

"I want you and Mary to be great friends," he said, linking his arm affectionately in his friend's, as they walked up from the station, preceded by a boy carrying Joshua's portmanteau. He opened an unpretending green door in a brick wall as he spoke, and Joshua heard a whistle as of some one calling a dog, then a scramble on the gravel, and the swish, swish of a woman's gown on the grass, and the enraptured husband's exclamation, "There she is!"

Mrs. Brentwood came tripping towards them. Her tiny feet seemed scarce to touch the ground as she walked. Her fair hair surrounded her head in a manner that, had Joshua been poetic, would have suggested a halo of glory, and her voice had a low, vibrating sweetness in it that struck pleasantly on his ear. Bill stooped and kissed her, making his friend feel as if, in some way, he were breaking a contract.

"No doubt an empty-headed doll!" Joshua was saying to himself, but afterwards at dinner he was obliged to reverse his judgment, and acknowledge that his hostess was an extremely intelligent, well-informed woman. Later in the evening, when interrogated by his friend as to his being "a lucky beggar," he even found himself giving an unqualified assent. That was the first step towards the important conclusion that Joshua ultimately arrived at. His was rather a slow-working brain. It took several such visits to the "Yews" at Surbiton, and later frequent calls at Cleveland Square, to make an impression, but an impression deliberately made tends to be more indelible than one more hastily formed.

The old intimacy between the friends

was partially resumed, and the result was that Joshua could not but realize that, in some mysterious way, Bill had acquired a new mainspring in life. He, his friend, was no longer in the least essential to his well-being.

One evening in the smoking-room Bill slapped him on the back out of a sheer overflow of self-satisfaction, and said:

"I say, old fellow, what do you say to go and do likewise? It's a big advance, I can tell you, to come home to this sort of thing," waving his hand comprehensively round the snugger, "to dingy chambers and a solitary dinner. Upon my soul, my rooms were enough to give one the blues. My landlady dealt in briquettes, put on in the morning and broken up at night. A graveyard was lively by comparison."

Joshua took a hansom across the park that night and lit a cigar, and walked the rest of the way home, and all this time his friend's words kept echoing in his ears: "Go and do likewise." They could not have been more vivid to his mind's eye had they been displayed in electric sky-signs all along the road. When he reached home he fell to musing by the library fire. His circumstances were not so dreary as those described by Brentwood. On the contrary, he had everything to make life run smoothly on oiled wheels, and yet he was conscious, even as he looked round his luxurious room and well-filled bookshelves, that there was something wanting that Brentwood had.

By a curious coincidence, perhaps by virtue of what telepathists call a "brain-wave," owing, perhaps, to their being in the same "electric circle"—Joshua and Mrs. Brentwood—it occurred to the latter also that the merchant's life was incomplete, and being a little woman of prompt action, she laid her plans to fill the hiatus.

"Bill," she said, one evening, looking thoughtfully into the fire, after Joshua

had been dining with them, "I feel for the poor man. He wants some one to look after him—in short, he needs a wife."

Bill stretched his long limbs on the hearth-rug, and regarded the specimen of that article belonging directly to himself with supreme satisfaction.

"Bill," she said, knitting her pretty brows, "how would Esther Latour do?"

Bill guffawed derisively.

"My dear child," he said, "Esther, Esther! Why, Grenfell's fifty-six if he's a day, and you know, 'Thou shalt not marry thy father.' If you intend offering up Joshua on the altar of Hymen, pray choose a mate of more suitable age."

"That is so like a man," she rejoined. "Pray, sir, may I ask how you yourself would have liked to marry an old hag of fifty?"

"I am younger than Grenfell, a good deal," objected the husband. "The eases are not parallel."

"Listen to me," she said, decisively. "Esther is not so young as she looks. I shall ask her here."

"Grenfell's a good fellow," said Bill, "as good a fellow as ever breathed, but not the sort of man to win a young girl's heart." He was a young enough husband not to relish the prospect of a third being added to their party.

But Mrs. Brentwood was one of those little women who suffer few things to turn them from their purpose. She laid her plans with care for every detail, and the result was that Esther Latour, the eldest of a hardworking clergyman's family, came at her invitation. As a sequence to her coming, logical, at least, to Mrs. Brentwood's mind, Joshua was invited to dinner to meet her. In other circumstances it might not have been advisable to have taken Esther into her confidence; to have, as it were, made her a party to the conspiracy, but circumstances were peculiar and exceptional, and

after some consideration Mrs. Brentwood decided to confide in her guest. Mr. Grenfell was, as Bill had remarked, hardly the sort of person to win a young girl's heart, but Mary Brentwood did not believe in hearts being so beyond their owners' control as is generally supposed; so after her guest had had tea in the drawing-room, she escorted her to her room. Miss Latour's box had been unpacked. Her dinner-dress, a dove-colored silk with swathings of white lace, lay on the bed. Mrs. Brentwood touched its folds softly.

"By the way," she said, carelessly, "Mr. Grenfell is coming to dinner. That reminds me that I must give an eye to the table, and, my dear, do you give an eye to the guest. He is not in his first youth, but an 'eligible' in every sense of the term, and he has the kindest heart that ever breathed."

She tripped out of the room after that with a backward glance and smile at her guest. Miss Latour's heart beat a degree quicker, but otherwise, as she selected her few ornaments, she was quite self-possessed. She was one of a large family with limited means, and she wanted to marry. She was past the age when she thought it essential to marry one's *grande passion*, and evidently Mary had provided some one. She did not expect great things. She entertained no romantic notions of an Apollo of exceptional means and suitable age. Therefore she was conscious of no lowered ideal or uncomfortable readjusting of her ideas when she met Joshua. She said to herself he might have been worse. No one—not the most poetic imagination—could have idealized Joshua. Nothing could have made him other than the plain, substantial, middle-aged man he was, but not a sigh of disappointment ruffled the lace on Miss Latour's calm bosom. But all through dinner she was silently laying her plans. She met Joshua's gray eyes now and then across the ferns and

azaleas. She even studied the crown of his bald head. She made an occasional remark to her host, but she did not contribute much to the general conversation.

After dinner, when the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Esther sang. Her singing was in no way above the average, but she looked graceful and pretty, and had none of those tricks of expression or gesture that jar on the onlooker, and sometimes go near to mar the effect of the finest voice. Joshua drew his chair near to the piano when she had finished. She was not so awe-inspiring as he had expected to find her. He had come so little in contact with any women, excepting Mary Brentwood, that he regarded the whole sex with the degree of exaggerated reverence that we sometimes give to things we know nothing of. He had an idea that they were very good, very pure, very unapproachable.

"Won't you sing again?" he asked, seeing her collect her music.

"Not to-night," she said; "I am not in good voice."

"Does voice vary so much?"

"I think it does—or it may be our measure of self-satisfaction or—or our standard of excellence is higher one day than another. It must be one of these, but which I know not," she added with a laugh.

"There are worse things than having a high standard in life," said Joshua, meditatively.

"I know," she returned, quickly. "You mean on the principle of 'Who aims the sky shoots higher far than he who means a tree.' That is all very well, but there is the other side of the question. You may shoot forever and always hit the tree, and if it were not for the tantalizing sky beyond, one might even get to believe oneself a fair marksman."

"I suppose occasional failure is good

for our vanity," Joshua said, with an ease that astonished himself.

"I suppose it is," she said; "but failure falls harder on some than on others—harder on the ambitious ones, and they are usually the sensitive ones."

"Are you ambitious, Miss Latour?" he asked, regarding her curiously, "or is the question too personal to be permitted?"

She colored a little and laughed. Joshua crossed one knee over the other and clasped his hands upon the uppermost one.

"Why are personal questions considered impolite?" she asked. "To me they are infinitely more interesting than generalities. I know nothing, for instance, that bores me to extinction like being expected to discuss the latest opera or the most popular play. Now, personal discussion—observing my fellow-creatures, meeting new specimens, classifying them—that is different. Naturalists, botanists, geologists, go mad over their special pursuits, and there is not even a word extant for observers of the great human family. And there is no more absorbing study. But yes, Mr. Grenfell," she said, suddenly breaking off, "I am treating you to a tirade without answering your question. I am ambitious; I have been ambitious ever since I was a baby. I wanted to walk when other babies were content to crawl; I wanted to read when others were spelling; I wanted, in short, to attain outstanding excellence in every department, and Nature only furnished me all round with perfectly inadequate materials, rather under average than otherwise. I have been hampered at every step. You are a man," she said, with a little nervous laugh; "you will understand."

"I am afraid I don't," said Joshua, gravely, feeling as if this before him were some new specimen introduced to his notice for the first time. "It will

no doubt surprise you when I tell you I am not in the least ambitious. It sounds jog-trot, I admit. Now, that you have raised the question, I dare say you would say I had been living in a groove all these years."

He liked her spirit and her eager, impetuous words. When he ceased he had a suspicion that his paces, compared with hers, were slow, and a heart-sinking conviction that she might think him old.

"A man without ambition!" she exclaimed. There was reproach, not derision, in her tone. "Oh, Mr. Grenfell, it is a solecism—a contradiction in terms."

Then an idea came into Joshua's head that made him wonder if she would consider him unambitious could she divine it; that made him hastily uncross his legs, and stand up and wish his host and hostess "Good-night." He thought of Esther Latour all the way home. He began by walking, then he altered his mind and drove. He thought of her after Thomas had poked the library fire into a blaze, and brought him his smoking-coat, and placed his whisky-and-soda and box of cigars ready to his hand. There was a degree of gratified vanity accountable for his meditations, and there was something else besides.

He did not dream of her. People do not, as a rule, dream of what is uppermost in their thoughts. It is as if the brain rejects the undue share given to the all-absorbing topic during the daytime, and demands variety. It is more generally some train of thought touched upon haphazard that is resumed in sleep. But with the morning's consciousness his mind reverted again to Esther. His thoughts came to occupy themselves constantly with her. He built as many air-castles as the boy about to step for the first time into the arena of life. If he could persuade her to marry him he would gain sym-

pathetic companionship for life; that vacuum in his life which had of late so obtruded itself on his notice would be supplied. Then, again, had she not confessed to him her overweening ambition? Was it likely that he, Joshua Grenfell, in his middle-age mediocrity, would satisfy her. He studied his plain, honest features in the glass, but gave up the attempt to invest them with an interest for a girl like Miss Latour. Then he fell back on his substantial surroundings and comfortable income. He would be glad if these were considered in the light of inducements, though it seemed a kind of sacrilege to connect her, even in thought, with any such sordid motives, but Bill had said "the Latours were as poor as rats."

He went one afternoon to call at Cleveland Square, and he found Esther alone. She was in the act of rising from the piano. She shook hands with him and invitingly sat down at the tea-table.

"Mrs. Brentwood is out, but let me do the honors," she said, smiling. "One or two lumps?" poised the sugar-tongs in her fingers. "Mr. Grenfell," she said, "I was just thinking when you came in how I hated mediocrity."

Joshua was a little startled. He even felt himself color. Did he, perhaps, come under the head of "mediocrity?" Then he smiled. He liked her quick, unexpected remarks. They were like a fresh, bracing breeze, with a nip of the salt sea in them.

"Mediocrity in general or mediocrity in some particular form?" he asked.

"Oh, in every form," she returned, sweepingly, "and it is so rife all around one, and people are so tenderly tolerant of it if it happens to be their own. Their smug self-complacency sickens one."

"The only thing to be said for it is that it keeps one in countenance," remarked Joshua, stirring his tea. "Think

how lonely one would be in the midst of universal excellence."

"I call that the unkindest cut of all," she said, blushing and laughing. "I am rebuked. But you will be lenient with me when you hear that it was my own dead-level mediocrity I was condemning, not the world's at large."

"Nothing was further from my thoughts than to imply rebuke," stammered Joshua, looking confused.

She waived that aside with another smile.

"I am sometimes puzzled," she went on; "perhaps you can help me."

Joshua smiled encouragingly. It amused him, intercourse with this vivacious young creature, who seemed to be constantly seeking a solution of the life-problems that surrounded her.

"Take my case, for instance" (she was never shy about talking about herself). "Take my circumstances as a case in point. I am born with, say, a certain amount of musical talent, and with all the ambition to make the most of it, but without the means to cultivate it. What is the result? All my unaided effort fails to bring me over average. Then there is another girl. She is born with practically no talent, but by dint of outside influences brought to bear on her—a fortune spent in the training of voice and ear—she manages to acquit herself in the drawing-room as well as I. I call it unfair, unjust."

Her face was animated. The color in her cheeks threw her blue eyes into dark relief.

"Isn't there a measure of compensation somewhere?" suggested Joshua. "You have the natural ability, she the opportunity for cultivation. Would you have the ability and the means go hand in hand? Would not that entail the balance going heavily down in one scale?"

"Not at all," she said, eagerly. "I should call it an ideal adjustment of things. I should call it economy in the

highest sense of the word. Then we would cease being sickened with the spurious efforts, misnamed talent."

"It would be a case of the survival of the fittest," said Joshua. "I confess to twinges of sympathy for the weaklings who must inevitably go to the wall."

She did not stop to answer that.

"And as for the compensation," she went on eagerly, "I hope you are not an advocate of *that* law, Mr. Grenfell," fixing her blue eyes earnestly on Joshua's face. "I used once to believe in it. It is a very comfortable theory. I confess to not having been so happy since I have been obliged to abandon it. If I were overpowered by any spectacle of suffering—you know what sort of thing I mean, something that almost breaks your heart for the pity of it—I used to say to myself, 'Do not put such stress on appearances; do not take the thing on the face of it; there's sure to be a hidden compensation somewhere.' It was a comforting belief while it lasted, till I came to know that in three out of every six cases there wasn't a scrap of compensation in the matter."

"It depends on what constitutes compensation," said Joshua, nervously. "It covers a wide area. To some people, for instance, money is a compensation."

He stopped. He had not intended to put it so plainly. He wanted to test her. She was lacing and unlacing her fingers, and looking thoughtfully past him.

"Often the most substantial of all," she admitted, quietly. The answer at once gratified and disappointed him. If she had scoffed at the idea he felt it would have been more in accord with her kindling eye and glowing cheek; but then, again, her reply gave him, by a train of logical reasoning, groundwork for hope. He was astonished, when Mrs. Brentwood came in, to dis-

cover how late it was. He declined her invitation to dinner. He wanted to see his way clear, and to have time to think. We are very slow, after we reach a certain time of life, to take an important step, even should both reason and inclination commend it. It was deterred by some feeling of this kind—not that Esther did not occupy his thoughts as continuously as formerly—that he allowed her to go back to Britton Vicarage without giving her the choice of one day becoming *Mrs. Joshua Grenfell*.

The weeks glided into months, and still Joshua was irresolute. He was as fully, perhaps more fully, aware than he had been before, of the emptiness of his home compared with that of Bill Brentwood. He was as fully convinced of Esther's desirability and suitability, but she was at home at the Vicarage, beyond his reach, and to a man in Joshua's circumstances a few hundred miles of rail seemed so big an obstacle as to be almost insurmountable. But when July came round again and the Brentwoods went back to their cottage at Surbiton, and Joshua got his inevitable invitation for the end of the week, Brentwood mentioned incidentally that Esther Latour was keeping his wife company. As a matter of course, Joshua accepted the invitation, and when he had accepted it he felt less restless and more settled than he had felt for months. He had a sense of elation going down to Surbiton in the train. He took it as a good omen that Esther meant to accept the proposal he intended making.

She met him with the manner that never failed to charm him, and that seemed to bridge over the gulf that divided him from the sex that was almost entirely untried ground, as it were, to him, and that immediately put him at his ease.

"Make haste with your lunch," Mrs. Brentwood said, "we are going on the

river. Esther and I have packed a tea-basket. You will only just have time to change."

The two men hastened through their lunch and appeared in flannels. The change of costume sat well and easily on Bill's long athletic limbs, but it made Joshua look older, more set, more prosaically elderly. He was far, however, from feeling as he looked. No sense of incongruity troubled him. His surroundings were affecting him unconsciously. Esther's blue eyes were beaming on him so kindly that he permitted himself to hope. He discovered he was not too old to be light-hearted. Brentwood and he each took an oar, and Mrs. Brentwood and Miss Latour lounged luxuriously in the stern of the boat among Liberty cushions and colored wraps. Joshua rowed and talked. He did not know he was more loquacious than usual. He was only talking because he was happy since he had accepted Bill's invitation and decided on his course of action. He did not know that he had unconsciously assumed a youthful air and gestures that matched less well than his ordinary manner with his bald head and middle-aged figure. The circumstances were so exceptional, he was not altogether accountable. He handled the oar with an air that was almost jaunty. He even paid Mrs. Brentwood compliments. There was a picture ever before his mind's eye that dazzled it and prevented his seeing the present with clear vision.

When they had pulled up the river for a couple of miles, Brentwood said:

"I say, Grenfell, what do you say to a spell of the towing rope? One could fancy weather cooler for this species of exertion."

Joshua rallied himself on his slender powers of endurance, but fell in with his proposal.

"I suspect Bill of a secret hankering after his cigar," said Mrs. Brentwood,

smiling as her husband stepped onto the towing-path, and gathered up the rope. The next moment Joshua had followed his example. But he was making some remark to the ladies, and a sort of confident security, the result of his hopeful meditations, rendered him careless. He missed his footing, slipped on the slippery path, floundered vainly to recover himself, and fell.

Brentwood had walked on, jerking the boat into motion. Mrs. Brentwood said:

"Oh, Mr. Grenfell, I hope you are not hurt. These banks are so treacherous."

Joshua answered carelessly, and picked himself up as best he could. He had fallen a little into the rear of the boat, but his eye rested naturally on it and its occupants, as he rose, and he saw Miss Latour's head had fallen forward a little, and her shoulders gave one or two spasmodic heaves. It did not dawn upon him all at once. As I said before, his mind was slow in its workings, and so he took it in gradually. She was laughing at him! He mechanically picked up his cap that had fallen from him. Bill had not seen the occurrence. He was lighting his cigar in front. Joshua hastened to join him. He relieved him of the towing-rope and strode along the path beside him. By-and-by, perhaps ten minutes later, he heard the ladies' voices behind him, raised in ordinary tones of conversation. He had no difficulty in distinguishing Miss Latour's voice from among the others, although there were many-voiced pleasure parties passing them at intervals of a few minutes. At every halting-place he dreaded hearing Mrs. Brentwood's voice proposing that they should stop. He asked nothing but to be allowed to walk on so for hours. He had got a blow from which it seemed not possible that he could readily recover, although his manhood rejected the notion of going down before it. When he had walked off the first

stunning sensation he cursed himself for not having been more clear-sighted, for having entertained such absurdly delusive hopes. He was not angry with Esther for laughing. Simply the incident had opened his eyes as nothing else could have done. It had showed him the light in which she regarded him. And, after all, how else could he have expected to appear in the eyes of a bright, vivacious young creature like her, than as the prosaic, middle-aged fogey he was? It was a sharp disillusionment, but after the first sting had passed away he was rather grateful than otherwise, as we are grateful for the less calamity that averts the greater. Along with the revelation came the painful thought that he had been bearing himself incongruously. Now that his spirits had been dashed he was dimly conscious that they had been above their ordinary level, and high spirits and age were to his mind incompatible. There is nothing so painful to a sensitive man as the knowledge that he has exhibited himself in a false or ridiculous light.

He was more silent than usual when at last they chose a landing-place and spread the feast, and afterwards, at the "Yews," at dinner, not palpably silent to a man's denser observation, but Mrs. Brentwood noticed it and was vexed.

"Bill," she said in the evening, when they were rid of their guests, "there is something the matter, and I was so sure things were going smoothly. Have they quarrelled—or what? Mr. Grenfell is silent, and Esther is not herself. What is it?"

"I noticed nothing," returned her husband, "but my scent is not so keen as yours, perhaps. But don't worry your little head. He is probably 'screwing his courage to the sticking-point,' and that is enough to make most men silent. We are not like you women, remember."

But Sunday came and went, and Mrs. Brentwood knew instinctively that no progress had been made—at least in one direction. Joshua left on Monday, leaving his hostess deeply perplexed. As for Esther, she was as convinced as Mrs. Brentwood that somehow things had gone wrong. It was borne in on her in a dim way that she had failed to take the “tide in her affairs at the flood,” but she was as entirely at a loss as her friend to account for the manner in which she had missed her opportunity. She knew perfectly that she would have to return to the sordid round of the Vicarage, that the chance of becoming Mrs. Grenfell would never be offered her. She had not been worse than many girls. She would have sold herself, in a sense, it is true—there had never been any question in her heart of love—but she would have sold herself for something better than mere worldly possessions—for opportunities of self-culture, for the benefit of others, those at home in need of something better than limited means could supply.

Joshua went home as usual that evening to De Vere Gardens. When he opened the library door he was struck with the emptiness of the room. He had the desolate feeling that a place once largely peopled and suddenly deserted gives one. Nay, rather it was the blank made by the absence of one dear individual presence that struck a chill to his heart. There are habits of thought so endeared to one, so insidious in their workings, as almost to bear the stamp of friends, and the lonely merchant had let seductive thoughts of Esther so intertwine themselves with him as to have become a veritable part of his being, not to be rooted out without sharp pain. To-night it was as if Esther Latour were dead.

For days this impression continued with him. Not for an instant did he attempt to dispel it. He abandoned all

thought of proposing to Esther as completely as if she had already rejected his suit.

As time elapsed the impression produced by constant dwelling on one thought did not fade. He continued in imagination to sit among his own creations, or rather the ruins of his creations. By-and-by it became a necessity of his being to reconstruct the shattered fabric—he could not live without it—but not for a single instant did it occur to him to reinstate Miss Latour in the place of honor.

One night he opened a drawer in his desk and took out a packet of letters and papers. They were old and yellow. The ink on them was faded. He selected one and went over it carefully, and when a photograph dropped from the packet, he took it up and adjusted his spectacles carefully on his nose and examined it closely. It was a *carte de visite*, and represented a girl attired in the fashion of twenty-five years ago. She was evidently a handsome girl, with fine dark eyes and clear-cut, almost chiselled, features—a combination that had more of the nature of a statue than of the sympathetic soul—and a figure that suggested the lithe graceful curves of a willow. She had coils of thick, waving hair caught high on her head in the fashion of that day.

He studied the face long and earnestly, and little pathetically.

“Poor Maria!” he murmured to himself; “she deserved better things. In these years—twenty-five, can it be?—dear me, a quarter of a century!—I fancy she has not found life a path of roses. And what a handsome, striking girl she was! Miss Latour—she could not hold a candle to her. She deserved a kinder fate, but poverty—there can, after all, be no more heinous sin against society—that was her undoing, and now to think of her squandering the best years of her life in the drudgery of teaching in the Colonies! I

believe I might write to Maria. She and I used to be friends in the old days."

He put away the packet of letters and the photograph, and he did not write that night. But the picture that had been in his mind's eye these many months was unconsciously undergoing a subtle alteration in regard to the principal detail. The central figure slowly but surely underwent a transformation. The Maria of the photograph took Esther's place, while the other accessories of the picture remained unchanged. He was so taken possession of by one idea that a fortnight had not elapsed before he had written out a well-considered letter to Melbourne, addressing it to Miss Maria Tebbs, and asking her to come home to marry him. He began to feel happier after that, more as he had felt when he had first met Esther Latour. His house seemed less dreamily empty. By an effort of imagination he could

even shadow forth Maria's presence in it. It was very singular to think that Maria must be fifty now. Twenty-five and twenty-five was a simple enough sum in addition. He was not appalled by the result. In fact, it rather pleased him to dwell upon it. There could never be any question of disparity between him and Maria, as there had been between him and Miss Latour. The terrible nightmare of that thought would not appear. It was odd to think that, had circumstances been favorable, he and Maria might have been married twenty-five years before, and have been jogging peacefully all these years along the monotonous path of matrimony—might have even had children to the third generation. Circumstances had not been favorable, but there was, to Joshua's thinking, a certain fitness of things (his feelings were sensitive after the late smart they had received) in thus taking up the links of the chain where they had been severed.

A. Fraser Robertson.

Cornhill Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

A WORKER IN METAL.

(A MEMORY NOTE.)

"Lo, as a Craftsman with some metal toils—
Not with rude violence and mechanic skill
That into one dull pattern moulds and spoils
The precious ore—but with what art he may
He fashions it, till he attain his will,
And lets his living fancy with it play,
Yet cannot take his ease, for, day by day,
There dawns for him a fairer vision still!—
Thus, with a like deep patience must thou bend
The life God gave thee to a great desire;
Fear no sharp pain that brings about thine end—
Nay, even dread not the Refiner's fire;
Rest not content—the last stroke is not tried,
Till in His Likeness thou wake—satisfied."

Christian Burke.

Pall Mall Magazine.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

Children are forgetting how to play. To realize this, one has only to remember that between eight and nine hundred games enter into the social history of Merrie England, and then watch the pupils of a Board school in recreation time, with their disjointed efforts at amusements, their unrelated racings and shoutings, their perfunctory attempts at leap-frog and kindred sports.

Football is very popular in boys' schools, and to be a successful cricketer is to attain the pinnacle of fame, but the village pastimes, the rhymings and romplings which were organized for children, and continued to maturity, are fast becoming obsolete. This is doubtless an inevitable result of modern developments, of the centralization of town life, and the waning prosperity of country districts. In towns there is time for play, but there is little room. Boys find space for peg-tops and marbles, but these are not held available for girls, who, if they do not sit down to eat their lunch or chat in the recess, find fun in small infringements of the rights of others. There is no person to direct the occupations of this period, and the children are as helpless in evolving pastimes for themselves as they would be if given a book in a foreign tongue and told to read it. Anything done in the direction of teaching the art of play is due to the good will of amateurs, young ladies having inaugurated, in Bermondsey and other poor districts of London, corps of volunteers, who visit Board-school playgrounds during recess, and endeavor to impart to the children a knowledge of active pastimes. It is to be hoped that this excellent work will be widely extended, until the play teacher be-

comes a regular member of the educational staff.

I remember seeing a Board-school girl of twelve set to play with two little children during a day's absence of their nurse. She was given every facility for amusing them, in the shape of toys, balls, battledore and shuttlecock, and a spacious and conventional garden, but, though anxious to acquit herself creditably, and to earn the shilling she had been promised for her day's services, she could think of no means of diverting her protégés, save by making faces at them. Naturally this method did not prove popular. When she was sent home in disgrace in the afternoon a friend came as a substitute. This little girl of about the same age had learned to draw, and by means of her art was able to render herself quite an acquisition; apart from this, she would probably have been as much at a loss as her predecessor.

Girls unversed in the art of play, when they become mothers in their turn, cannot transmit what they do not know—hence the dull lives of many children of the poor, their occasional trend towards mischief from sheer idleness. In the past summer I gave four excursion tickets for a day at the seaside to a man and woman and two children of the working-class. I learned afterwards that the grown-ups took a yacht trip together, leaving the children, boy and girl, to play on the beach till their return. But the latter had not acquired the art of play, and they could not perform a miracle of evolution under unfamiliar condition. They simply sat on the sand, holding their lunch basket between them, till the return of their seniors, between two and three hours later.

Doubtless the spectacle of the sea and the myriads of children adjacent to it was sufficiently interesting, but the thought of those forlorn, immovable little spectators of the enjoyment of others is not without pathos.

Play is one of the children's rights, and knowledge of the art of play becomes ultimately a parental privilege.

The two most successful and popular children's nurses I ever knew could neither read nor write, but they were perfect Grimms in the matter of legendary lore, and walking dictionaries of fireside sport. They took pleasure in the games they taught and the stories they told, and that is an important point to indicate; both were mature women, and yet both thoroughly enjoyed "Barney and Johnnie" and "Dingle Dosy," and, unless when under the observation of scornful, mature eyes, were willing to hop the strenuous measure "Shoo! the Lily Cock." They possessed the natural faculty of drama to a striking degree, and became for the moment the characters they spoke of, when discussing the adventures of those immortal and immoral persons, *Puss in Boots* and *Jack of the Bean-Stalk*.

In the presence of older people, the frolic spirit of these adventures waned. Many years later I sought to hear again the stirring chronicles of *Pretty Peggy* and of the *Golden Parrot*, whose adviser was a bunch of speaking leaves, but the lips that had discoursed of them so gaily fifteen years before only smiled deprecatingly, and said, "It's not fool tales like them I'd be afther tellin'; maybe they're good enough to amuse bits of childher wid, but that's all." And yet to have amused the bits of childher is to have rendered a service that is remembered affectionately to-day, when the grass is green over that capital playfellow, and the childher's heads are being touched to silver by Time's cold finger.

No modern invention can surpass some of the games which the race has enjoyed for centuries. I have seen the game of "Fox and Geese" played between a long-armed maiden of sixteen with a perfect comet's tail of younger children behind her, and an active boy of fourteen, with an interest and delight in the contest that, through a vista of years, awakens an irresistible laugh of sympathy. The origin of the game lies in the mists of remote ages. Doubtless Anglo-Saxon children played it when foxes were frequent intruders in the farmyard; probably the children of Nineveh and Babylon had its equivalent. The game can only be played to perfection by those familiar with it. Two experts can introduce much drama into the opening scene.

The essentials to a successful game are plenty of space, whether in a large loft or out of doors, and no best clothes such as will suffer from the intense grasp of clutching hands. The merits of "Fox and Geese" are, that it can include a large party of all ages, though six is young enough, and sixty perhaps a little too old; that it is equally enjoyed by both sexes; and that the entire brood in charge of Mother Goose are equally important, individually, and become in turn equally prominent. To a corner of the playground enters the fox, looking as furtive and evil-minded as the young dramatist can depict him. By scanning the horizon, snuffing the wind, or sharpening his claws, he can convey to the spectators a conception of his fell intention. To him approaches Mother Goose, with a benevolent aspect of family pride and an obvious indifference to everyday cares that is creditable, in view of the fact that eighteen or twenty of her brood cling to her by the simple method of holding, first her, and then each other, round the waists. Observing the fox, Mother Goose says, with cheery contempt: "Good morning, Mr. Fox.

May I ask what you are after?" (An English player would probably say "what you want?") The fox replies with typical suavity that he is taking a walk to improve his appetite. "Then you have a meal in prospect?" says Mother Goose. The fox replies unctuously that he means to breakfast off a goose. Mrs. Goose inquires where this luckless bird will be found, to which the enemy replies, "One of yours will do." He then makes a rush towards the end of the line, whereupon a lively scene ensues. The fox does not touch Mother Goose, nor does he touch any of her brood save the last in the train. As the line wavers and serpentines to keep its end out of his way, while Mother Goose meets him with outstretched wings wherever he turns, the fun becomes fast and furious. The game continues until each of the brood has been successfully caught, or the fox confesses his willingness to retire discomfitted.

Children too young for the rough and tumble of this game derive great enjoyment from "Frog in the Middle" and "Thread the Needle." In the first game, one child sits in the middle of the ring, while the others take hands and dance round her singing, "Frog in the middle, she dare not catch me." To seize the drapery of one of the whirling figures without rising is only difficult where the circle is so large as to be out of reach; then the frog rolls, turns and stretches without rising, until her fingers close on the frock of somebody who becomes frog in turn.

Little children will enjoy marching to the lilt of "Barney and Johnnie" for a surprisingly long time; the chief advantage of this pastime is that two or twenty can play at it. The children put their hands behind them, the left hand of one clasping the left hand of the other, their right hands clasping

these and crossing, also. Then they set off to march together, keeping step, and repeating the following rhyme:

Barney and Johnnie, all dressed in black,
Buckles and swords behind their back;
Foot for foot, knee for knee,
Turn about Johnnie and companee.

When singing "Turn about Johnnie" the players, without loosing the clasp of their hands, reverse the position of these, so that the under-arms become contracted and the over-arms lengthened; this enables them to turn without turning round each other. As the children march, they doubtless dream vague dreams of military enterprise. Halliwell, in his "Nursery Rhymes," gives the names as Darby and Joan, but, owing to the mutual wear of swords and buckles, I venture to think that Joan is a corruption of the male name. I certainly never heard Joan given in this connection, though the partnership of "Barney and Johnnie" was familiar to my earliest years, and conveyed the idea to my infant mind that it symbolized a long past alliance between the French, or English, or Irish, when these fought together against a mutual foe. I cannot say whence I gathered the impression, probably from the fact that "frog-eating Johnnie" was a nursery synonym for a Frenchman, just as Barney stood next to Patrick as the sobriquet of the typical Irishman. The rhyme might equally well have symbolized an alliance between Barney and John Bull.

Mrs. Gomme's recently published book, "Traditional Games,"¹ intended as a contribution to the invaluable "Dictionary of Folk-Lore" which she and her husband are compiling, has afforded me many hours of delight by recalling half-forgotten early pastimes, and introducing me to scores of others which I had not known. Were space available I should like to indicate the extent and aim of this work, which

¹ *Dictionary of British Folk-Lore, Part. I. (D. Nutt.)*

embodies, in the shape of children's rhymes and plays, pictures of the usages—martial, commercial and matrimonial—of generations long since passed away, and which for this reason will prove a very mine of wealth to historian and philologist. The possessor of a practical acquaintance with this book should become a perfect treasure at children's parties, and an indispensable mistress of ceremonies at school treats and holiday outings.

Every one has observed that children are without invention, that they merely imitate what goes on around them; their first pastimes are to copy their parents: father's reading of the newspaper, mother's making of the tea; a little later they go further—give parties, pay calls, or preach or practise medicine, or are postmen or policemen; later still, they reproduce what they have read or heard, and are engine-drivers or Red Indians, or distinguished warriors. But it is all repetition, with the personal equation added. For this reason, it is certain that the games which became national reproduced in a recognizable way what the children were familiar with.

In one small particular Mrs. Gomme's version of "Thread the Needle" differs from that known to me, and that divergence is not devoid of interest. The game is played as follows.

The children take hands and form a long line. The child at one end goes to that at the other and asks, according to Mrs. Gomme, "How many miles to Babylon?" The other child replies, "Three score and ten."

"Can I be there by candlelight?"
"Yes, and back again."

Encouraged by this prospect of quick transit, the first child says:

"Then open your gates as wide as wide,
To let the king through with his bride."

The child addressed then raises the hand her neighbor is holding, so that the raised hands form an arch. Under this the children run in line, the end players, who formed the arch, going under it themselves, and turning without loosing hands. The program is then gone through the reverse way, the same questions and answers being asked and given.

Now, the first question, as I heard it, was:

"How many miles to Baronscourt?"

In view of Mrs. Gomme's contention that the game dates from the period of the Crusades, when the names Babylon, Jerusalem, Hebron, were in frequent use, the Baronscourt version is probably due to the fact that the seat of the Dukes of Abercorn, which bears this name, is within driving distance of the village in which I saw the game played, and that the similarity of the words Babylon and Baronscourt induced the substitution of the familiar local name for the remote and unfamiliar one.

The marriage and kissing games, which occupy a large section of Mrs. Gomme's book, are of intense interest to the student of manners and customs; but in the playground it would be inadvisable to revive them. Ideas of sex relations enter early enough into human history, and complicate life sufficiently; they should not be introduced untimely among children. Nothing is more subversive of the *camaraderie* and good fellowship natural among boys and girls, if left to themselves, than an idea of racial divergence, apartness, hostility, or fraternal superiority or inferiority. If left unspoiled by the foolish suggestions of their seniors, young girls and boys would never dream of embracing each other any more than brothers and sisters would.

The marriage games indicate three successive stages of civilization: first, that in which freebooters or outlaws

effected the acquisition of wives by force, as in the case of the early Romans and the Sabine women; second, the period of marriage by purchase, when the suitor paid the girl's parents what they considered an equivalent for her services, and she became his chattel property; third, that in which the girl was consulted regarding her own destiny, and the state of her exchequer was investigated.

The first of these games involved a contest and a parley between the suitor and his friends on the one side, and the bride and her friends on the other; then a struggle, finally a tug of war, in which the girl was taken captive, and there was an end. Admiration was not proffered, affection was not indicated. In the other two kinds of games, the suitors approached with some pomp and some semblance of courtesy; there was considerable palaver on both sides before the negotiating parties came to terms, when the chief players kissed each other, and the rest of the company danced around them singing, "Now you are married, we wish you joy."

In the "Oats and Beans and Barley" game, an interesting detail is, that it is the bridegroom who is thus addressed:

Now you are married you must obey,
You must be true in all you say;
You must be kind, you must be good,
And help your wife to chop the wood.

Leisure Hour.

E. Rentoul Esler.

THE BALANCE.

Must I endure with nothing to forgive,
Who did a shade wrong thee?
Oh, love! an instant less than perfect live,
A little injure me.

Wound me at last. For once a word of mine
Thy service did forsake.
Deal harshly now, lest all of me that's thine
Be but the amends I make.

Winifred Lucas.

In all enjoyable pastimes, there are two main essentials—first, exercise; then emulation. The old "country dance," whose name *contredanse* indicated that the performers occupied opposite sides of the room, had in it every element of excellence: social intercourse, the usage of good manners, cultivated grace of movement, and indispensable good health. But the abuse of good things has always led to their abolition, and a frivolous age brought not only dancing, but all pastimes and physical exercises into disrepute. John Bunyan reproached himself so bitterly for having indulged in the game of tip-cat, that his commentators long believed that the game involved cruelty to a living grimalkin.

The vitiated taste and false refinements of later generations substituted the waltz for the old country dance, which was relegated to rural districts, and the ball-room became an abomination to many. Rustics dance little today: probably their hearts are too heavy. Should some of the various suggestions now and then offered, for improving the condition of the oppressed agriculturist, who cannot meet the competition of foreign skies and the virgin soil of other lands and live, prove acceptable and effectual, then country hearts will grow glad once more, village sports will revive, and the children of the poor will again learn how to play.

LITERATURE AS A PURSUIT AND AS A PROFESSION.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's suggestion at the Authors' Club this week, that the career of letters is the only one quite suitable for an honest man, hardly squares with the opinion of Dr. Johnson—or, at all events, it was an opinion expressed by him—that no one but a fool ever wrote except for the sake of money. If Dr. Johnson really meant what he said, he could only have been generalizing from his experience of his own temperament. He might, no doubt, have adduced a considerable amount of evidence which seems when considered superficially, to give some support to his position; but this evidence, when examined carefully, will be found, though it proves several things, to prove anything rather than the conclusion of Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson might have pointed to an enormous mass of literature, and shown that the authors of it all lived by its production, and could not have produced it if they had not been paid for doing so. He might have pointed to a mass of literature equally large, and argued that its authors would not have produced it if they had not been paid for doing so. But neither of these two sets of facts would, in any way, prove his point. Let us begin with the first set; and let us assume, for argument's sake, that the majority of authors have lived by authorship, and have not only been paid for it, but have demanded payment. What would this prove? Not that these men would not have written if it had not been for the sake of money; but that, being obliged to support themselves by their own endeavors somehow, and that having sacrificed all other pursuits for the sake of their devotion to literature, they were incidentally obliged to make their favorite pursuit support them. If the

majority of authors have not been people of independent means there is, in this fact, nothing peculiar to authors. Authors are drawn from every class in the community; and the fact in question means simply this, that in every social class, even the highest, the majority of its members are, relatively to their wants, poor. Many authors, again, who have sprung from the commercial classes, might, if it had not been for some purely literary instinct, have entered under the most favorable auspices on a career of business, and have quickly realized fortunes which are rarely, if ever, produced by the pursuit of literature; and they have often given great offence to their families by refusing to do so. So far, then, as the kind of evidence which is now in question proves anything, it proves that men, as a rule, write books not for the sake of money, but that they write them in spite of the fact that the money they get for them is so little.

Let us now turn to the other set of facts referred to, which supports Dr. Johnson's opinion, understood in a modified form, and which may be held to show, not that most authors write because the need of money compels them, but that they would not write unless the prospect of money stimulated them. Of many authors this is no doubt true, but it does not prove that the literary impulse is merely disguised cupidity. The utmost it proves is that no literary inspiration, however spontaneous, can realize itself, or achieve its object, by the force of inspiration merely; but requires, on the part of the author, a laborious and often a prolonged course of plodding labor, of enforced concentration, and of self-discipline; and that many authors, however genuine their inspira-

tion, would deny themselves the pleasure of literature on account of its drudgery, if the latter were not counterbalanced by the prospect of some extraneous reward. As a matter of fact, however, the opinion of Dr. Johnson, which practically comes to this, that there would be very little literature at all if literature were not a profession as well as a pursuit, is contradicted altogether by the literary history of the world. Did Plato, or Aristotle, or Cicero, or Lucretius, or Virgil write to make money? Did Milton write "Paradise Lost" for the sake of the five pounds he received for it. Of all modern writers one of the most industrious was Voltaire; but Voltaire, though eager for money, and very successful in making it, was notoriously careless as to what he made by his books. Byron, for his later writings, extorted as much money as he could; but the impulse to write was as strong in him during the earlier period of his career, when he shrank from the idea of being paid for his poetry at all, as it ever was subsequently. Lord Lytton, the novelist, during a certain part of his life had to look to his pen for support; and a certain number of his novels were written for the sake of the money they brought him; but when circumstances placed him in the possession of a substantial fortune, his literary industry remained unabated, and was even more successful in its results. That money is an incentive to literary effort in many cases is no doubt true. It was an incentive, for example, in the case of Sir Walter Scott; but it is utterly untrue of the best literature, as a whole, to say that its production is due to the need of money or the desire of it, even when such need or desire is closely connected with it, and the connection is other than accidental.

It must be confessed, however, that there is one fact—and it obtrudes itself very clearly more and more on our no-

tice—which may cause some minds to doubt what we have just been saying. This fact is the astounding multiplication of journals, of reviews, and of other periodical publications, the contents of which must, from the very necessities of the case, be produced, for the most part, by persons with whom writing is a regular profession. Leading articles, for example, in a daily paper cannot be left to the spontaneous inspiration of their authors. Their authors must, in respect of subject, treatment, and time, conform to the requirements of persons to whom they are under professional obligations. The same thing holds good, also, of the larger part of the essays to which our best periodicals owe their special attraction. The best of these articles and essays exhibit extraordinary ability. They are clearly and often brilliantly written; they abound in varied knowledge—political, literary, and scientific; and a large part of the public derives from them the larger part of its knowledge. But such professional writing, however good of its kind, is essentially distinct from literature in the highest sense of the word. The object of it, taken as a whole, is not to present the ideas or personalities of the writers, but to summarize the ideas, the discoveries, the opinions, and doings of other men—in other words, to use a familiar phrase, it is to show the reader what is going on at the moment. To do this successfully requires many literary gifts; to do this is an honorable profession; but, except accidentally, to do this is not to produce literature. The great modern development of essentially professional writing has, therefore, no bearing on the question now before us; and we may return, therefore, undisturbed by it, to the proposition with which we started—namely, that literature in the highest sense of the word is essentially not what Dr. Johnson said it was. The making of money may accompany it;

but the need or the desire of making money by it is not the principal or the general cause of its production.

We shall by no means content ourselves, however, with putting the matter thus. We shall go further, and assert with equal confidence that, though the quantity of literature may be increased by the desire of writers to make money, the quality of it is necessarily injured in proportion as this desire assumes, as a motive, an importance that is other than accidental or subordinate. For this there are two reasons. One is so obvious that it may be dismissed in a few words. It lies principally in the fact that if money is a writer's principal object, he will be tempted to write when spontaneous inspiration is wanting to him; or, even when it is present, to perform his work hastily. But there is another reason which lies far deeper than this. Of all true literature, as Mr. Leslie Stephen briefly pointed out, the essential characteristic is that it expresses the thoughts, the feelings, the taste, the ideals of the writer himself—that its aim is, first and before all things, to please or satisfy him, and secondly—but only secondly—to please or satisfy the public. The greatest will, no doubt, hope for recognition. They may feel, if they fail to meet with it, that it is not worth while to write; but in such circumstances they will not write at all. They will not be false to themselves in order to please others. The greatest writers, at all events in their productions, will create the taste in the public by which they are to be appreciated, and this will be a taste which

has been previously developed in themselves. They will not be guided by a taste which they do not share; nor will they alter the character of their supply to meet the public demand. If their works happen to please the public, their pecuniary reward will, under existing conditions, be considerable. If they are sensible and practical men, they will take all due steps to secure it; and their work will not suffer—it may very possibly be improved—if the prospect of this reward tends to increase their diligence. But their work will not be improved—on the contrary, it is certain to suffer—if the prospect of this reward, beside increasing their diligence, alters the character of the end to which their diligence is directed, and substitutes the tastes, the interests, the sentiments, of others for their own. The essential difference between literature as a pursuit and a profession has nothing to do with the question of whether money results from it or no. The essential difference is this—that the one is produced by writers, whose first object is to please themselves, and who make money or fail to make it by the way; whilst the other is produced by writers whose first object is to please others—that is to say, to make money—and who, by-the-way, please themselves or fail to do so. Such is the manner in which all good literature is produced; and if the author is obliged to demand any other reward than the production of it, this is nothing more than the mere accident of his position; it is no essential element in his activity and success as an author.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF EPIGRAM.

The power of epigram in literature has been great. We are largely ruled by phrases, and some of the most pregnant sentences of the antique world have an influence over our mind to-day. As a matter of fact, most epigrams have come down to us from antiquity, those that have not being mostly French. This is no accident, but is mainly due to two causes. In the first place, the Greek and Latin languages are far better vehicles of brief, terse expression than any of the modern languages. It would be impossible to express in a sentence in English what can be easily expressed in less than a sentence by Aristophanes or Lucian. It is true that American slang is expressive in a high degree, but then it is slang, and not good literary English; whereas the Greek of Aristophanes or Lucian is literary Greek. Even in the kind of literature which is least literature and most expressive of thought, this terseness is of the essence of Greek writing. Let the philosophic treatises, *e.g.*, of Aristotle be compared with the philosophic treatises of Kant or Spinoza, or even with Hume and Berkeley, the most literary of modern philosophic writers, and one sees at a glance the remarkable difference in facile power of expression. One finds a single line of Aristotle packed with thought, just as one finds a single line of Dante and Shakespeare, the two moderns who have shared this ancient power. The words are closely wedded to the thought, and the thought is so mirrored in the language that the whole expression stands out clearly, and yet is so crammed with ideas that the mind, familiar with modern writing in which a single idea is spread over pages of type, is almost bewildered by the com-

pact simplicity of the ancient writer. To turn from the "Ethics" of Aristotle to any contemporary ethical treatise, is like losing oneself in a dense thicket after one has surveyed a noble group of lofty trees, clearly outlined on a prominent hill against the blue sky.

But it is not only the language of Greece and Rome which is so efficient for the purpose of clear-cut, epigrammatic phraseology; it is also the condition of ancient thought and life. What girl, asks Matthew Arnold, can read in her bosom thoughts as clear and pellucid as *Rebecca* by the ancient well, while meeting her future husband? What seer can read so clearly as the ancient founder of Israel in the "star-lit Arabian waste" the thoughts of the divine Being, and can follow that divine will? Compare our modern histories with those matchless narratives of Plutarch, and see how the modern hero or statesman is environed by complicated incidents, how his mind is worked on by varied and complex motives, and therefore how his action lacks that simplicity and spontaneity which we find in the great figures of the antique world. Speech or writing is an expression of life, of thought. If the life or thought is simple, the expression is simple; and, in the main, the life and thought of Greece and early Rome were very simple, very clear. But the stream of modern life is no pellucid brook, dashing down from some highland fastness in pristine purity; rather is it a mighty river, charged with the waters of many tributaries—turbid, full, many-mouthed—albeit, to quote Arnold once more, "with murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." We are so choked with multitudinous and conflicting emotions, so beset by diverse problems, so

bewildered by all manner of ideas and considerations which never suggested themselves to the youth of mankind, that we have lost that "large utterance of the early gods," and can but express ourselves in the speech of a complex civilization. Compare Plato's profound but simple argument for Theism with corresponding arguments by modern philosophic writers, and note the immense change which environment has made on the modern mind.

Have we really lost, however, on the whole, in the incapacity for epigram which may be said to characterize our modern world? We have said that the French are the one people in modern times who have exemplified this epigrammatic tendency, though many English writers and statesmen have used it with effect. Burke used it when he said of the New Englanders that they exemplified "the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion;" Canning when he said that he had "called in the New World to redress and balance the Old;" Bright in the famous "Cave of Adulam" reference and in many another telling sentence. No finer saying is to be found in English literature than that of Steele—"To love her is a liberal education." An excellent and pungent epigram was that of Gibbon with reference to Roman religions—"The philosophers esteemed them equally false, the people equally true, and the Magistrates equally useful." But while many epigrammatic phrases can be found in English literature, our writings exhibit the tendency to that dominance over spontaneous expressions of the "pale cast of thought" which is inevitable when the earlier unity of man's intellectual and spiritual nature has been broken up by the impact of previously unfelt conceptions. To-day we suspect it is the simple, uncultivated man who is best able to furnish short pregnant sayings. After reading the

drawn-out platitudes of some politician, how refreshing it is to find that "a voice" in the gallery so often puts the whole case in a nutshell, and performs for the audience and the country what the orator was unable to do. What we call culture is, in a word, usually unable to express clearly and truthfully simple, direct, spontaneous thought; we must go to an unburdened mind for that. Now, the French epigram, so clever, so quotable, generally so cynical, the brilliant utterances of Voltaire, Rochefoucauld, and other nimble minds, appear to us in the main to yield the Greek facility and terseness of expression without the Greek profundity, simplicity, and truthfulness. It is the external brilliance and the superficial polish of the epigram which we get, rather than the simple, direct idea which so often was as a beacon to the Greek mind. The sentences of Thales or Pythagoras afforded a foundation for great social structures, whereas the most brilliant sentences of the most brilliant Frenchmen are but part of the glittering ornaments of the cultivated *salon*.

It must inevitably be so in the main, because of the different nature of the modern world. A little child often coins a simple phrase which becomes a household word for many years, and which no adult could have invented to save his life. It is not that we have gone back (although we doubt whether the modern mind is so fine or powerful as the mind of the ancient world), but it is that the conditions of thinking have changed with the multitudinous ideas which impinge on the thinking apparatus of the modern man. There is one department of life in which epigram plays a part, and ever will—viz., in the unrestrained intercourse of cultivated men who are not afraid to say what they think. The conversation of Johnson, as recorded by Boswell, affords, perhaps, the best examples of

genuine epigram in the English language. When Johnson had, as he said, "his talk out," he gave us terse sayings which ought to last as long as the language. This was because the two necessary conditions were fulfilled—complete mental freedom and that strong, simple, direct character devoid of any mental *nuance* which is far more important for epigrammatic purposes than mere brilliance. For the French epigram, born of exceedingly acute mental power, misses, as we have said,

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the moral strength of ancient epigram; while the vigorous, direct, truthful, moral power of Johnson went always straight to the mark. Epigram, then, in the modern world, cannot usually be a power, because of our acquired complexity of feelings and ideas; and in the case of the French, while it is brilliant enough, we know all along that it is mere trifling, as a rule. But there is still room for it when it can be wielded by a simple, powerful, elemental nature.

TESTE SIBYLLA!

With a great cry the Sibyl woke, and left
 The long walls of Assyrian Babylon,
 Wrenching her torn black robes and locks undone
 From them that hung upon her right and left.

Pale, shrieking, mad, the curious crowd she cleft
 Swift as a homing swallow, and darted on,
 Through leagues of tawny solitude, alone,
 Prophesying a riddle as one bereft. . .

"Not for To-day I speak, but for Tomorrow!
 Mad call me! Liar call me! Sage and Priest,
 Tomorrow *I* shall be the source of Truth!"
 But once she fell, still babbling words of ruth
 And yearning hope, and a new tender sorrow,
 While up in heaven a star rose in the east.

The Athenaeum.

Mary James Darmesteter.